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HOW I SPOILED MY COMPLEXION—AN AUGUST INTERLUDE.

PART I.—How I went to the Country.

My face is well tanned, and I don't mean to deny it.

Well, what if it is? I'm none the worse for it; and, as far as complexion is concerned, care no more for being made nut-brown, than the "nut-brown maid" herself. I say, "as far as complexion is concerned;" but what sense is there in injuring one's feelings about it, and having a pack of denced good-natured friends—they think they're witty, I don't—cracking their stupid jokes about one's ears, and making one's phiz—now, indeed, as the African troubadour expresses it, a "phiz-o'-mahogany"—a target for all their pointless shafts?

Here come three clever fellows, shall I dodge around the corner? No, I'll face them, that's flat.

"Why, hallo, Peter, where have you been?"

"And how do you do?"

"And what in the name of Pluto have you been doing?"

"Oh, I heard all about it," says Number One. "His well known curiosity led him the other day into one of those establishments where people put beans into huge burners, and they (the beans, not the people) come out coffee. Nothing would do but he must open the door of one of these machines as it was going around, and putting his head too far in, his nose caught, he lost his balance, and entered the burning crater, corporeally, made one revolution in less time than even France ever did, and came out black as you see him. He felt rather unwell after it, for it gave him quite a turn."

"Not a true bill," chimes in Number Two. "He went home the other night very thirsty, and particularly oblivious, and mistaking a bottle of ink for a jug of milk-punch, swallowed the whole of it, nor discovered his blunder until the next afternoon, when, having risen to write a note of apology for neglecting an engagement,—sudden indisposition—he discovered the ink was

non est, and his face dark as a thunder-cloud from the action of the supposed 'milk-punch' upon his blood. His physician put him immediately upon a diet of sand and blotting-paper, but it's no go."

"Wrong again," winds up Number Three. "You know how absent-minded he is; well, when about retiring last night he stood himself up outside the door, locked it, and put his boots in bed. The servant finding him outside in the morning, polished his face—the only part visible which did not appear to be of the right color—and he only found out his situation when, aroused by the breakfast bell, after having given his boots a shower-bath, he endeavored to pull himself on. I think it's rather improved his appearance, after all—given his face character, eh?"

Go your several ways, gentlemen, I confess to a very aboriginal complexion at this moment; in fact, look like a practical specimen of amalgamation, and begin to have some serious scruples touching the constitutionality of the "Fugitive Law."

What a humbug May is!

I publicly announce it now as my firm, fixed, and unalterable belief that we might decimate the English language, and provided that same word "humbug" were left, we should yet get on admirably.

Every man or woman, priest or player, horse or dog, farce or funeral, dinner party or dose of medicine, that we do not happen to like, is—a humbug.

There are two sides to everything, and one side is—a humbug.

There is a record extant of a parson who preached what men should practise for a thousand dollars per annum, but would not practise what he preached for less than fifteen hundred. Men called him—a humbug.

Another's stipend was but three hundred, and although far from "great" in the pulpit, he practised the severest kind of morality, never kissed his wife on Sunday, chopped off his dog's tail because he was a sad dog, and would not cease wagging it on that day,—said dog ceased to be a wag, but made a most emphatic stump speech on the occasion—put stones on his children's heads of a Saturday night to check their growth, and tied up the weathercock to keep it from turning. Men said he was—a humbug.

A. owns a museum. He inherits it from his father. Contented with his collection as it is, he makes no wonderful additions or particular fuss about it. The people, tired of seeing the same things, call his stuffs, all stuff, his stereotyped learned dogs and quasi ventriloquists holding ideal conversations with Peter down cellar, all bosh; and, finally, himself—a humbug.

B. buys him out, and presto! change, the world is ransacked, and nature herself turned topsy-turvy, women of the ton, mere maids of six hundred weight, wait upon mermaids from Fegee, and preposterously penguin juveniles, supposed to be from the Highlands—they have lived high, anyway—attend upon the fancied wants of salmon-tailed mermen from the Jolly-long-

ways-off Group. *Lusus naturæ*, found in Sancho's dominions, sixty feet under ground, with nothing sticking out but the head, come trotting in, mounted upon woolly steeds from the peaks of Popocatepetl. The exhibition shop is all glare and glitter; many-colored lights flash from every window, and a dense crowd of musicians (!) from exalted balconies pour down terrific blasts upon the devoted heads and into the tortured ears of the passers-by; countless flags, streaming from every loop-hole, prove there is no flagging in his endeavors; people from all sorts of quarters and quarters from all sorts of people pour in; the world pays him tribute, and the world pronounce him—a humbug.

But May is a thorough-paced humbug, in the fullest acceptance of the term.

I had succeeded during the past winter in humbugging myself into the belief that May was what the poets have described her, instead of being as she is, a saucy jade, no better than she should be. I had read Thomson, and Wordsworth, and Goldsmith, and old Isaac, and Lamb, and Miss Mitford—wonderful fancy old maids have for country and cats—until I became as mad as a March hare about green fields and purling brooks, lost my appetite, couldn't sleep o' nights, and so the Doctor advised me to go into the country in May.

The opinion of doctors cannot always be depended upon, *e. g.*

A certain gentleman of an uncertain mind, or rather of mind that did not properly develop itself early in the morning, from some mysterious and unknown cause, had acquired, and was constantly acquiring a degree of pinguity and rotundity that was perfectly marvellous. He consulted the most eminent Esculapii without satisfactory result. They measured him daily, and found the rate of increase to be perfectly regular. At last he attained so orbicular a form that his friends deemed him worthy of Aldermanship, and in reality he appeared competent to represent a full board.

Unfortunately, he had never kept a noted dram-shop, run a line of omnibuses, conducted an eminent stone-cutting establishment, or distinguished himself extensively in the soap and candle way; and so, of course, had not the most remote chance of being elected.

Other things militated against his success. The lower had not kept pace with the upper man. His—I beg pardon, but I must say so—legs seemed specially diminutive, the manual terminations of his arms refused to lend a hand to any such Daniel Lambertism, and his face would not countenance the proceeding.

Consultation after consultation was held, but still the wonder grew, and the patient finally came to look for all the world as the Tun of Heidelberg might be supposed to, if it should walk off upon a pair of drumsticks.

The same similitude suggested itself to his physicians, and drumsticks naturally recalling a drum to their minds, they thought how much his round body was like one.

From this point, by induction, they soon arrived at the fact that both drums and over-rotund mortals are frequently tapped, and so they tapped him.

The return made was, "no effects," and pronouncing it a decided case of "dry dropsy," they gave up the patient as a case, and the tapping as a bad job. One however, more persevering than the rest, caused a new instrument—something upon the pod-auger principle—to be prepared, and lo, after a deep incision, out it came filled with several hundred round pieces of linen.

The doctor was visited with an idea! He hemmed seven times, sucked the top of his cane for five minutes and a half, rubbed his nose violently, and having cleared his head by the use of his handkerchief, spoke:

"Mr. Blank, how often do you change your linen?"

"Every day."

"What do you do with that which you take off?"

"Dear me, I never thought of that. I am afraid that I have got it all on now."

And so it proved. I am happy to say that the *quondam* fat gentleman lived; and that, being a great sportsman, the linen wads suggested to him the invention of something similar for guns, from the profits of which manufacture he soon recuperated his fortune that had been seriously impaired by a too large expenditure in shirts.

However, trusting the doctor's word, I believed that a trip to the country was just what I needed, and trusting the poets' rhyme, I believed that May was precisely the month for such a trip. In order not to be deprived of one moment's enjoyment, I, after much study and consultation of proper authorities, drew up the following chart to regulate my daily pursuits while ruralizing. I divided the day into nine parts; five æsthetic, three gastronomic, and one soporific:

I. MATUTINAL.

Awakened by the carols of a thousand birds, not in cages; the May morning's early walk; admire the myriads of dewy gems that night has dropped on every shrub and grass, ere the am'rous sun shall have kissed them off.

II. PRANDIAL.

Breakfast, milk warm from its natural source, strawberries yet wet with dew, amber-colored coffee tinged with yellow cream, snowy rolls and golden butter, fragrant as the newly born rose.

III. PHILOSOPHIC.

The morning stroll; the lounge beneath the outspreading branches of some monarch of the woods; cigar, book, and meditation.

IV. RECUPERATIVE.

Dinner: meats uncontaminated by a city stall, prepared by a cook instructed by Dame Nature, and free from French abominations, vegetables of all kinds right from the garden and field, water pure from the spring.

V. DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

The green wood: cigar, reverie, and siesta.

VI. REFLECTIVE.

The afternoon walk, through rich fields and by the side of tinkling brooks; deep thought, and arrangement of ideas for my evening's task.

VII. CENAL.

Supper: the whitest of bread, with milk yet foaming; berries from the field, and cream without chalk.

VIII. POETICAL.

Night: delicious zephyrs bathing my moist brow, and straying gently through my cool dormitory, illumined by the soft moonbeam; clear head, fertile imagination, immortal poetry.

IX. SOPORIFIC.

Sheets white as a snow-wreath, scented with rose leaves; sleep calm and refreshing as that of early infancy.

It must be confessed that the outline of my picture was rather pretty, but the filling of it up —!!!

May came at last, and how did she come? Oh, ye rural poets! where do ye expect to go to?

"Oh vernal May!"—oh green scribbler!—"Hail queen of flowers!" She *does* hail, there's some truth in that, but if a queen, she never sees her subjects. "Oh gentle May!" Gentle? why, she is the veriest shrew of the twelve. She looks pretty and mild enough drawn with a wreath of wild flowers encircling her brow, the leaves and buds playing bo-peep among her gracefully waving locks, with not half so much clothing on her as decency demands, when "Many hang her, Brock!" she should be enwrapped in blankets, carry an umbrella, and wear pattens.

Flowers don't blow in May, sharp winds do. In the place of the sweet flowers we have heavy showers, for a gentle breeze a sharp freeze, and for red roses frosted noses.

I determined to remain a town martyr, at least until overcoats and coal fires could be dispensed with.

June found me ready for the venture, and I soon experienced, in hurrying up tailors, shoemakers, and washerwomen, in packing and unpacking my trunk half a dozen times, the first delights of travelling.

I reached the steamboat wharf in safety. The first thing that struck me was the absolute necessity of keeping a coroner's jury constantly empanelled upon the spot; the next was a trunk, which, coming in contact with my head, caused me to see quite a number of stars, not set forth in ordinary astronomical charts. The Milesian gentleman who carried it, politely requested me to mind my eye—which was more than HE had done—and to look out where I went, which was more than I *could* do, my eyes being momentarily put *hors de combat*, and looking as if I had just been in one.

I reached the boat; heaven knows how. A portion of one coat-tail was still in the possession of an old lady who had evinced a great desire to transact some business with me in the orange and gingerbread line, while the other terminus remained in the hand of an enterprising youth in the peripatetic literary way, who appeared very anxious to improve my mind with yellow covered pamphlets.

The instant my foot touched the deck, several packages, to which I had until that moment adhered with great tenacity, disappeared as if by magic, and I found myself in the very situation of the old woman in the nursery tale—not Giles Seroggins, as Bishop Hughes undertook to establish at a certain New England dinner, he was the gentleman who paid attention to Miss Molly

Brown. If I *was* P. P. I had lost one carpet-bag, one fishing-rod, one parcel of books, and one umbrella. If I *was not* P. P. I had gained four limp cards, upon whose dingy surface were inscribed as many names of those very officious colored gentlemen who snatch at everything that is brought on board, at the rate of twenty-five cents per package. Like a drum before a naval engagement, I was fairly bent to quarters.

A confused ringing of bells, wrangling of waiters, swearing of jarvies, shaking of hands; the captain jumps on the paddle-box and cries out, "all ashore that's going"—the best rendering extant for "*lucus a non lucendo*;" the plank hauled out, the hauser drawn in, and we are off. We pass the Battery, Corlaer's Hook, Blackwell's Island and Hell Gate, Throg's Neck and Sands Point, and arrive at—supper.

A steamboat supper! with everything cold but the butter and ice-water, which two liquids are lachrymosely lukewarm; with everything thin but the coffee; with its extremely attenuated specimens of dunghill ornithology, its birds burnt black reposing in affectionate confidence upon a piece of white toast, its waiters always coming but never come, its hurry and confusion—Who shall describe it? Not I. P. P.

PINE NOT(E)S.

NO. III.

IN THE COUNTRY, August, 1851.

It is another day, and no two are alike in beauty and in scenes. The *cœnave* above is hung heavily with clouds; and all around they lie and float in endless shapes and shades. Yonder to the north a chain of hills, just now smiling with verdure in the fair light, is veiled by a descending shower. The dark green of their wooded sides is turned to slate, and the verdant meadows between show leaden through the rain veil. In the west a cloud world shows itself magnificent in changeful beauty. First in view rises the form of a gigantic tree. Three noble trunks from one root rise high and spread their tops in one great mass like a gigantic oak far round in wondrous wealth of branch and foliage. These cast a deep shade around; and there, beneath the ample spread of branch and bough, are figures of men and women and children. Some stand leaning upon staves, as travellers equipped, and others lie in all the attitudes of ease, reclining in the grateful shade. In front down to the western hill tops in fleecy undulations lie the snow clouds. Beyond the shadow of the tree a sapphire lake glows like a gem. Then other tracts of snowland stretch to the shore of a wide blue sea. On it are floating islets of snow; and from their surfaces rise smoke-colored figures like trees lone and in groves, vapory and casting no shadows on the silver-shored islets of that azure sea. Oh! it is beautiful exceedingly to watch those far away countries in the clouds, so fair to see! That trinity of tree! is it a symbol of the Triune All? And are those pilgrims of the world that there find rest, under the branches of that tree, within the shadow of the church, to be transported to the islets silver-shored and shadowless in the distant sapphire sea? Oh! it is beautiful to see those resting pilgrims and that tree, those islands and that sapphire sea; 'tis beautiful exceedingly to watch the cloud-world far away, in the lustre of a silver day.

Northward the rain has ceased, and burst-

ing forth through the leaden clouds, a gleam of sunshine just covers a field of ripened grain upon the hill side, and the bright yellow is gilded with a richer glow. Such are the golden-harvests that lie at the base of all worldly wealth. There abound the bread and wine that, taken in the shade of the great triune tree in those shadowless islands of the silver-shored sea, have changed their material substance for the immaterial of the holy Three.

The sun is again sinking low in the west, and the cloud-world has vanished, leaving but here and there a wrack behind. Cows are wending their way homewards from the green meadows, laden with their milky freights. Some are slowly wading the creek, and cooling their heated udders in the clear waters of the running stream.

Is it the sight of the cows and stream, or is it the thought impression of another world that figured but now in the cloud-world above, that brings at this moment to my recollection the fording of the Rio—the talk there held years ago with honest old Kriesler, when he exposed his peculiar impressions concerning another world? If it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, it is often not a span further from the serious to the ludicrous.

I was journeying on horseback in the pleasant summer time, and at noon reached the ford of the Rio—, on the opposite side of which was the log house and thriving farm of Kriesler. It was pleasant to anticipate achieving my dinner and siesta at one of the not unfrequently met with good houses where the weary traveller found friendly reception and hospitable entertainment. For I had pleasant recollections of Old Kriesler, of his thick set figure, heavy featured and good-natured countenance, of his soft feather beds, corn bread, and fresh milk. Thus it was when his sturdy figure emerged from the passage that divided the two log pens of the main building, with one hand outstretched to shake my own and the other to take the bridle I had just quitted. The next moment the jovial tone of my greeting assumed a subdued expression, as I observed an unusual soberness in the countenance of the good old man.

"Well, Kriesler, how goes it with you, old friend?" said I, inquiringly.

"Padly, Tector, padly, since te teath of my old woman," replied the old man, with a sad shake of his head.

"Is Mrs. Kriesler dead? I am very sorry to hear it. You must miss her very much. But the separations of time are unknown in the after meetings of eternity, my friend, and time is short."

"I know it, I know it, Tector. But I missis te old woman fery much, and sometimes I feels like I should not live mitout my old woman any longer. One tay, Tector, I was veelin so padly and town in te stomach dat I could not eat anyding. So I just dought I would go and hang myself. Well, I just takes a piece of rope and goes town to a pig post oak py te spring; and I ties it to a pranch and climbs up into a stump, where I vixes te noose apout my neck. Well den, just I as was ready to jump off te stump and drop into heaven alongside my old woman, and was begining to dink of dat country and te people dere it comes into my head apout old Noa. I slips te noose off my neck pretty quick and walks pack to te house, dinking all te time apout dat old Noa, and how I had lost more nor

two thousand dollars in horses and cattle py dose tam copperhead shnakes dat old Noa put into te ark mit every creeping ting. Dere vill pe a vuss when old Noa and I meets, I dell you."

There was no irreverent thought in the mind of honest old Kriesler when he thus divulged his peculiar impressions concerning another world. There is none in my mind in relating this singular instance of simplicity and honesty treading upon the verge of impiety. There will be none in the reader's, although honest Kriesler could not at first clearly discern the necessity of extending his forgiveness to all who had injured him; and who, when his perceptions were awakened to this necessity, felt his unfitness under an angry state of feeling towards one of its inhabitants for entering that heaven respecting which he seemed to entertain some queer notions peculiar to himself.

Poor old Kriesler! he is now testing the realities of that other world. He died in his bed, with reverential hopes at his heart and good words on his lips. His stout bones lie below the green grass near the spring. May he rest in peace!

And the surge of the breeze through the tall pine above me seems to repeat mournfully—"in peace, peace."

Au Revoir,

D. P. B.

NO. IV.

IN THE COUNTRY, August, 1851.

Last evening going from the hill and the pine grove in my houseward walk, I passed a cottage where an aged woman sat alone in the doorway. The old woman seemed sad and lonely in the declining light. But she lives not alone in the cottage. Those near and dear to her are there; and from their neighbor I learned the story of little Fanny. A plump, rosy cheeked child of four years with dark blue eyes and light hair that hung in golden curls on her fair neck, was little Fanny. Motherless, she was taken home by the sister of her departed mother, and this aunt gave a home also to the old lady, who was her aunt and the grand-aunt of Fanny.

Old Aunty was blind, and Fanny used to take her hand and lead her about the green before the cottage; and sometimes up the hillside opposite, a little way to a fallen tree where the old lady used to sit and enjoy the fanning of the breeze and the rustling music of the leaves above her. Little Fanny played the while about her, and ran to and fro into the sunlight and back again into the shade, and prattled away innocently in her lisping way with the imperfect accents of a little child; laughing aloud when she saw a "little butterfly," as she called it, and always coming back to old Aunty's side whenever she called to her to come that Aunty might kiss her and stroke her soft curls. And Fan was mischievous at times, the minx, and would lead her old Aunty up to those things which she wanted, but which were forbidden her to play with, and therefore had been placed beyond her reach, and would tell Aunty to hand them to her, who would good-naturedly comply. And thus it happened that the porcelain likeness of General Washington that adorned the mantelpiece was broken one day by Fan, who was making a doll of it. And thus it was that everybody said "old Aunty would spoil that child."

One day, an aunt of Fanny's, another sis-

ter of her mother, came and took her away on a week's visit to the family where they lived in a little village not far away. Fan was gone, and every night old Aunty dreamed about Fan, and every day she wished a hundred times that her pet would come back. The last night, Fan was to return the next day, Aunty dreamed more than usual about her darling. She dreamed that Fan was leading her slowly up the gently sloping hillside, as was usual with them, when all at once she stumbled. Seeking the help of Fan's hand, it seemed to have vanished from her own, and she found herself on her knees stooping over a little grassy mound against which she had stumbled. She felt for Fan and called her, but no Fan was there; and feeling with her hands the little hillock seemed to be a grave. Then in the mystery of her dream the old Aunty seemed to be a second time at the little mound, and to feel that Fan was there; and she had a little rose bush which she planted upon it, digging out the earth for its root with her hand. And then profound grief seized upon her for the loss of her darling, and the tears seemed to rain down from her sightless eyes upon the rose bush; when in all the swift magic of a dream a rose seemed to bloom at once upon the bush. She leaned over it and inhaled a delicious odor that seemed to envelope her like a cloud, and pass on above her and only lose itself in the heavens above.

The old aunt waked and Fan's aunt came and dressed her and led her down to breakfast, cheerfully saying Fan would be back that morning, and how fine the day was, and what a pleasant walk Fan and old Aunty would have up the hill in the afternoon. And somehow it all sounded strange to old Aunty, for the recollection of her dream was vividly present to her memory. Then she told her dream, and she had but just finished telling it, while they were yet seated at the breakfast-table, when James, Fan's cousin, rode up to the door.

He had taken Fan away, but he came back without her. Then he told a sad tale, how little Fan had been at play the evening before with other little girls at the creek that ran alongside the village, when she had caught sight of a lily-leaf that floated on the stream, and reaching out too eagerly to catch it ere it passed beyond reach, had slipped on the loose stones that lay at the water's edge and fallen. The swift stream had carried her along to where it was deeper, and before the cries of her little playmates had brought assistance poor Fan was drowned.

There is little Fan's grave on the slope below the great tree, and though it has not been there many weeks, a rose is blooming at its head. Surely she rests in sweet peace. And the surging of the breeze through the pines around me seems to respond—"in peace, peace."

Again the sun is low in the beautiful west, even below the hill tops, and I stand enraptured by a succession of gorgeous scenes. High above the hill tops on the far side of the valley, clouds on clouds are heaped in massive piles, and far along the horizon they are scattered in fleecy lightness. Where the sun has dipped behind the hills, his rays, shooting upwards and away to the right and left, fanlike spreading out behind the clouds, crown the entire ridge with glory as painters crown the head of the Saviour of man. Now the blue mist of the hills is spread out along the entire range, a sea of purple. Orange and crimson, deep blue and

azure, golden and purple, scarlet and pink in a hundred changing shades and hues emblazon the clouds gorgeously. Some lie like burning cinders of gigantic trees, unquenchable, cast upon a still sea of cerulean blue. Dark, dark blue clouds upheaped in mountain grandeur and richly fringed with gold, opening their sides, recall a beauteous lake of sapphire set like a precious stone in a gorge of the cloud mountains, mountains all built of gold and granite.

Oh! it is a glorious world, the cloud world, with its many countries so fair to see!

Strangely the memories of bye-gone years, of tropic climes and southern seas mingle with these reveries in the northern uplands. Yet they seem naturally associated in these warm summer days.

I see again a gorgeous sunset where he dipped into a southern sea, and the event of that evening comes back to me, as it often has in the summer evenings.

But the twilight steals on us, and I must quit my grove for another home where frolic, laughter, and sunny smiles fittingly follow the joy of the glorious beauty just passing away in the beautiful west.

Au Revoir, perhaps. Adieu.

D. P. B.

LITERATURE.

A DEFENCE OF IGNORANCE.

THIS is the title of a little volume just published in London, by the author of the very clever ironical book, "How to make Home Unhealthy." The treatise on Education is presented in like manner in a caustic oblique view, the writer thinking with Barrow, whom he quotes for his motto in his sermon against evil speaking:—"Many who will not stand a direct reproof, and cannot abide to be plainly admonished of their fault, will yet endure to be pleasantly rubb'd, and will patiently bear a jocund wipe." The vehicle is the report of a Select Committee on the State of Education in Great Britain, the discussions of the committee men, &c. The topic is pushed backwards and forwards in its relations to the poor, the middle classes, the universities, and the ladies, and the peculiar treatment which these receive in England at the present day—ignorance, of course, getting the hardest rub. It is not quite so smoothly treated as the learned Erasmus's Praise of Folly, but that difference may be owing to the ripeness of the philosopher of Rotterdam or the classical spirit of those days. This is the more romantic period of Punch and the Comic History of Rome. There is so much more wit in the world that there does not appear to be quite so much. The reader will be pleased, however, with a few of this clever writer's points:—

POOH-POOHING EDUCATION.

"*Civetta*. This cry for education is the neighing of a hobby-horse. What is there that a perverted enthusiasm will not hope to build? I could name a clever builder, now dead, who believed the Millennium to be at hand; he looked forward to the erection of the New Jerusalem, and studied Ezekiel professionally, made calculations, and completed all the plans which he intended to send in at once, when tenders were demanded for the rebuilding of the Temple. So certain Education-mongers have drawn up some schemes, but they will not be called for. We may look over your projections, gentlemen, your elevations and ground-plans, but your phantom schoolmasters we banish from this realm of fact: on snowy plains of paper let

them wander up and down, the masters of their own Siberia.

"*Screech*. As for awakening a spirit of inquiry, that I am quite sure is what no sensible man would desire: it is a thing always absurd. A spirit of inquiry means a pertinacity in putting foolish questions. There is none more foolish than the Education question. Our Royal Society wrote, once upon a time, to Sir Philiberto Vernatti, then residing in Batavia, to ask whether it was true, that in Java there were oysters 'of that vast bigness as to weigh 3 cwt.' These were your learned men. People whose mouths are agape for oysters of that size must be prepared to swallow anything. Knowledge is hungry and greedy; Ignorance fasts and is content.

"*Civetta*. The tiresome greediness of Knowledge is portrayed awfully in men who are attacked by the schoolmaster while in a state of nature. This was the case with the natives of the Navigator's Islands, where the missionaries rang their bell and summoned all the natives into school. The consequence was, Mr. Walpole tells us,—in his book, 'Four Years in the Pacific,'—that Europeans walking in the woods were pounced upon at any unexpected time by savages, who brandished not clubs but slates about their heads, and shouted, 'Do my sum!' Frederic Walpole had his 'walks made weariful with sums.' 'One fellow, with a noble head, used to bring him regular puzzlers.' The victim, in revenge, set his tormentor some algebra to do, in the hope that this would keep him quiet; but after a few days he came again, together with ten others, making a fierce hullabaloo; they all brought slates, and came to get the problem solved:—'You do it.'"

The plea for a natural system of children's instruction is well put:—

A MODEL CHILD'S SCHOOL.

"*Aziola*. The teacher sits where children sit, or walks among them. Study begins; perhaps the morning and the fresh attention are devoted to those studies which, though not least needful, are the least inviting, and more pleasant subjects come as the day flags. Conversation, open utterance, is not forbidden. How can a teacher pretend to form a child's mind when he forbids it to be spoken? In a silence broken only by words learned out of a book, how is it possible that the chief object of education can be obtained at all? So says John Smith, and the work goes on. The children fidget, shift their places, and are suffered freely so to do: it is the instinct of their childhood. They openly make boats and chip at wood, and play with paper, when their hands are not employed. Allegiance to childhood is not insubordination. So they work cheerfully, and know themselves at school to be free agents, doing a duty. At the end of every hour's work, they scamper out to scream and play at leapfrog. Recalled, they scamper back as rapidly as if there were a cane for the last corner.

"Morning has been spent in languages, arithmetic, or algebra, and exercises which demand labor of which the pleasant fruit is not immediately to be gathered. It has imposed upon the children mental toil. The afternoon is full of mental pleasure. The history of man's deeds and works and the wonders of nature engage childish hearts more powerfully. Not as detailed in skeleton books. A dinner of dry bones makes no man fat. The teacher predestines that he will occupy perhaps three years in a full narration of the story of the world. He begins at the first dawn of history, studies for himself with patient diligence upon each topic the most correct and elaborate records (for which purpose he requires aid of a town library), and pours all out in one continued stream from day to day, enlivened by a child-like style. The children comment as the story runs; the teacher finds a hint sufficient at a time

by way of moral, he is rather willing to be taught by the experience of what fresh hearts applaud or censure on the old worn stage of life. Natural history and science, all the -ologies, and -ties, and -nomies, succeed each other, also, as a three years' story of the wisdom which begot the world. Foreign countries, not dismissed in a few dozen of the driest existing sentences, are visited in company with pleasant travellers. Clever, good-humored books of travel, carry the imaginations of the children round the world. In all these latter studies they take lively interest, remembering, to a remarkable extent, what they hear. On every point they have spoken freely in the presence of a teacher not desirous to create dull copies of himself, but to permit each budding mind to throw out shoots and spread its roots according to its own inherent vigor. He manures and waters, watches to remove all parasitic growths, but the true, healthy mind, expands unchecked under his care."

Truth and integrity are of course insisted upon, and this hint of a new order of teachers thrown out:—

"The spell, however, I must finish telling you. I tell you that to burst the bolts of Ignorance and give free movement to the education of the middle classes, teachers must be found not scattered but in swarms, quite different from those which swarm at present. They must not look upon the child's mind as a thing to be impregnated with Latin verbs, and trained into a deep disgust at Cicero, and sickening horror at Herodotus. It is a spirit to be trained to thoughtfulness, and to be furnished with materials of thought (herein the use of history consists)! it should receive such views of the great world of knowledge as may make the young mind long to become one day an active traveller therein; and to be ready for the day of travel it should acquire activity and strength, with a fair notion of the routes that lie around us. The teacher who shall send a child into the world thoughtful, observant, seeking knowledge, and not shrinking from a little difficulty in obtaining it; a youth with a free mind, taught to reason, and determined only upon truth, by whatever process he has come to that result; he is the enemy of Ignorance. The pupil who has learned to teach himself will be the man to put your cause in danger, though he may have left school very backward in his Greek and Latin."

The English flogging system has a hit in passing:—

A DOMINIE ST. DOMINIC.

"Binns Minimus now suffers torment. In a bald book of geography, which is little more than a bad index to the contents of the world political, Binns Minimus has sinned with many an imperfect lesson. He called a well-known Isthmus, yesterday, to the dismay of the English master, Suet. As a mild punishment he was ordered to learn his duty to man by nine o'clock on the succeeding morning. What is my duty to man, where is it? asked little Binns, but Mr. Thunderbomb was silent. This morning the young gentleman is ignorant of his duty to his fellow-creatures,—not having remembered that it was to be found in the catechism,—the Doctor knows his duty to a boy, and so Binns Minimus now suffers torment. The days are past wherein John Jacob Häuberle could flourish. That worthy's diary of punishment, as quoted by Jean Paul, yielded through half a century of teaching 911,527 strokes with the cane; 124,000 of the rod; 20,989 blows with the ruler; 10,235 boxes on the ear, with 7905 tugs; 1,115,800 raps with knuckles on the head, to say nothing of the wooden horse, and kneeling on hard peas. Those good old times are past, and flogging now is very much on the decline. Dr. Williams frequently tells his boys that caning is as painful to him as it is to the pupil suffering."

Since fifty boys still yield him a good share of work, the amount of his self-flagellation is extremely serious. The Dominic might be St. Dominic. But as a Zooloo warrior, who had crossed the Cape frontier, declared his delight in sticking Dutchmen; the spear slipped into their soft unctuous skin so much more luxuriously than into the thick hide of a native, that he would much rather, he said, stick Dutchmen than eat beef; even so the hand of wrath may find a soothing outlet on the flesh of childhood. I never enjoyed sucking-pig so much as Dr. Williams seems to be enjoying now that operation on Binns Minimus, which sends him away to where he may not even, like Arvalan,

"In impotence of anger, howl,
Writhing with anguish, and his wounds deplore."

Learning, schools, and schoolmasters are the peculiarly English features of some of the remaining portions of the work. We take this picture of the average degree of information possessed by middle-aged gentlemen of what they have been taught in schools. The inventory is amusing:—

A PEEP INTO BROWN'S HEAD.

"Well, Miss Fathomall, will you be good enough—O yes; here is your fee—will you be good enough to place your lily white hand on our friend Brown's bald pate. He has a noble head, you see. Now, Brown, go to sleep. He will not, Miss; he is a very wide awake fellow, but it does not matter. Think away, Brown, while I take the lady's other hand; think over all you know; if any gentleman or lady will take my other hand, and somebody take his or her other hand, and so on, we can make a chain, and the current of Brown's thoughts will pass through us all. O dear no; Brown is a decent man, you will experience no shock. He is taking stock of all his information: Greek, there's a dual number, and a tense called aorist, and one verb in the grammar is *τεττο*, there's *Æschylus*, and there's *Herodotus*, and there's a war called *Peloponnesian* and *Xerxes*. Latin, I know some,—let me see—'bis dat qui eito dat,' 'ingenuas didicisse,' &c., and there's 'post hoc non propter hoc,' and there's 'sic vos non vobis,' which goes on *melliki*—something, but it is not usual to quote the rest, so it don't matter my not knowing it. I know a whole line, by-the-bye, 'O fortunatum minimum sua si bona norint.' Come, that would fetch something in the House of Commons. I think it's from *Ovid*. There's the *Augustan* age, and *Coriolanus*. *Brutus* goes with liberty and *Tarquin's* ravishing strides,—a verb agrees with its nominative case. English history, there's *Arthur*—round table—*Alfred* burnt oateakes—*Henry VIII.* had a number of wives, was the son of *Queen Elizabeth*, who wore a stiff frill and didn't marry. *George III.* had two prime ministers, *Horace Walpole* and *Mr. Pitt*. The *Duke of Wellington* and *Napoleon*, and *Waterloo*, also *Trafalgar* and *Rule Britannia*—O, and there's *Aristotle*, shone in a number of things, generally safe to mention. *Plato* and friendly attachment—*Mem.* avoid mentioning *Plato*, there's something about a republic, on which I don't feel safe when it's occasionally mentioned. Botany; sap, the blood of trees—the leaves of flowers are called petals—also parts called pistils, which I could make a pun upon if I knew what they were—cosines in algebra, the same, which would make play with cousins—plus and minus, more and less—there's a word, *rationale*, don't know whether French or Latin, but extremely good to use—foreign politics I don't make much of, not understanding history of foreign countries. Germans, I know, dreamy—*Klopstock*—know his name, and think he was a drummer. *Gerter* was great. And I think there's an Emperor *Barbarossa*, but, *Mem.*, be cautious, for I'm not sure whether that's not the name of an animal. Understand animals, having been twice to the

Zoological Gardens. Have read *Shakspeare*—not *Milton*, but it's safe to praise him. Fine, a good epithet to apply to him. Know a good glass of claret. Lots of anecdotes—I'll tell you one. Once at a bar dinner, there was an Irish barrister who chanced never to have tasted olives—Miss Fathomall removes her hand, bar dinner stories hurt her."

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE. SECOND SERIES—SUMMER.*

If the eyes of the little creatures of the air ever become sufficiently schooled and vigorous to read the printed text of books on which they alight in their wanderings, we fancy one of the first books they would take to would be this very book about themselves. If they should extend their survey through the Trade, and learn how good subjects are oftentimes thrown away upon bad paper, and how frequently the style is disproportioned or altogether *mal-apropos* (we presume these little travelled gentlemen understand French, of course), the wondrous elephant, for instance, being treated of on thin paper in the common Natural Histories, and flowers in colored volumes painted with a house-painter's brush, these insects would take it as a very delicate compliment to their own graceful demeanor and elegance of habit, that Mr. Redfield has presented them so smoothly, so neatly, and with counterfeits of their own appearance, in the illustrations, almost as light and dainty as themselves.

If to break butterflies on wheels is held to be a rude employment, we shall not certainly bring ourselves under a more comprehensive censure by attempting criticism of a book which treats of the whole tribe of moths, lady-birds, and glow-worms. As we do not in rambling the fields ask to have their various buzzings, tickings, whirrings, whizzings, and lullabies interpreted to us, but are content to let them speak for themselves, we shall deal in the same spirit by their gentle historian, and let him tell his own story in his own way, in his delicious chapter of

INSECT MINSTRELSY.

"Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there—please highly for their sake.

"A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed, and many-colored things,
Who worship [Him] with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life."

"If measured by their influence on the mind, those simple notes of harmony or discord produced by many of the insect race, are of no mean importance in the scale of sounds. Their power must certainly, however, be attributed rather to associate ideas than to any intrinsic excellence in the sounds themselves, which, by means of such borrowed attributes, have often indeed acquired a character and exercised an influence directly opposite to their own inherent qualities. It accords not with our plan to say much of insect foreigners, whether musical or mute; but we may cite, as the earliest and one of the most striking examples of what we mean, the song of the classic Cicada or Tettix—the Tree-hopper; by a misnomer, the *Grasshopper* of the ancients. This was the Insect Minstrel to whom the Loerians erected a statue; some say for very love and honor of its harmony; others, as a grateful record of a certain victory obtained in a musical contest, solely by its aid.

* Episodes of Insect Life. By Acheta Domestica. M.E.S. J. S. Redfield, New York.

The story goes, that on one of these occasions, two harp strings of the Loerian candidate being snapt asunder in the ardor of competition, a Cicada, lighting at the moment on the injured instrument, more than atoned for its deficiencies, and achieved, by its well-timed assistance, the triumph of the player.

"Thus highly was this insect's song accounted of, even at a period when 'music, heavenly maid,' could scarcely be considered 'young'; yet as various species of Cicadae have been described by modern travellers, one can hardly suppose that any better quality than shrilly loudness can have belonged to the Tettix of ancient Greece.

"We are told, indeed, by Madame Merian, that an insect of a similar description was called the Lyre-player by the Dutch in Surinam. The notes of a Brazilian species have been likened to the sound of a vibrating wire; and those of another, in the swamps of North America, to the ringing of horse-bells. Similitudes these of sounds sufficiently agreeable; but contrasted therewith, and almost drowning them, come the discordant comparisons of numerous other travellers respecting the same or insects of allied species. One is called, by Dr. Shaw, 'an impertinent creature, stunning the ear with shrill, ungrateful squalling.' The noise of a species in Java is described by Thunberg as shrill and piercing as the notes of a trumpet; while Smeathman speaks of another, common in Africa, which emits so loud a sound as to be heard at the distance of half a mile, or, when introduced into the house, to silence by its song the voices of a whole company. The mighty 'waits' of the Fulgora, or Great Lantern Fly of Guyana, an insect not of the same but an allied family, has also obtained the name of 'Scare-sleep,'—its din being likened to the sound of razor-grinding.

"On the whole, therefore, it would appear pretty clearly that loudness is the main characteristic of the Cicada's song. Yet when we recognise, in this minstrel, the 'Anacreontic Grasshopper,' the 'Son of Phœbus,' the 'Favorite of the Muses,' the 'Nightingale of the Nymphs,' the 'Emblem of Perpetual Youth and Joy,' the 'Prophet of the Summer,' we no longer marvel that its notes, however harsh, should have sounded melodious even in the ear of the polished Athenian.

"To descend to present times and native performers, first, there is our own familiar and representative, the Hearth Cricket, for whose crinkling chirp even we can scarcely challenge much intrinsic merit, yet do we regard it as a song, and a merry one; and why? because the faggot always crackles, and the kettle sings, if not in actual, in imaginative chorus.

"In like manner the music of the cricket's country cousin (of the field), or that of the Grasshopper, though designated by some, of more critical ear than pleasant temperament, 'a disagreeable crink,' can never grate harshly upon either ear or heart which are in themselves attuned to nature's harmonies; for to these, as it rises from the dewy ground, it assumes the tone of an evening hymn of happiness, mingled in memory if not in hearing with evening bells and the shouts of emancipated village children. For the revival, doubtless, of some such associate memories, even the grave Spaniard is said to keep these insects after the manner of birds of song; and those that like it may do the same in England; Gilbert White assuring us, on trial of the experiment, that the field cricket, well supplied with moist green leaves, will sing as merrily in a paper cage as in a grassy field.

"To the man of transparent skin and opaque fancy—or no fancy at all—the hum of the Gnat is suggestive, we know, of nothing but angry cheeks and swollen temples, with corresponding sounds of pehaws! and buffets; but to those who are less outwardly and more inwardly sensitive, the 'horn' even of this insect blood-

hunter is not without its melody, with sylvan accompaniments, such as the ploughboy's whistle 'o'er the lea,' and the gurgle of pebbly brooks, red in the glowing sunset.

"When and wheresoever a bee may happen to flit, humming past us, be it even near an apiary in the Adelphi, or a balcony hive at Hammer-smith, is one not borne at once upon her musical wings to the side of some healthy hill? and does one not forthwith hear in concert the bleating of flocks, the bursting of ripened furze-pods, and the blithe carol of the rising skylark? or, our thoughts taking a turn more homely, we listen in fancy to the sound of tinkling cymbal played by rejoicing housewife to celebrate and accompany the aerial march of a departing swarm.

"Thus sweet and infinitely varied is the concert of concordant sounds, all of the allegro character, which may be assembled for the pleasing of the mental ear, even by the simple and single, and passing strains of the above and other insects which make melody in their mirth; and then how numerous are the correspondent images—glowing, smiling, dancing, waving, glittering—which are wont at their bidding to be conjured up before the mental eye! Glowing embers—smiling flowers—dancing leaves—waving cornfields—glittering waters—all intermingled in a haze of merry motion—an imaged dance of life got up within 'the chamber of the mind,' at the stirring of, sometimes, but a note of Nature's living music."

ULRIC; OR, THE VOICES.*

THIS little volume is a pleasant revival of Mr. Fay's authorship, which, we are glad to find, his duties as the most active member of the American legation at Berlin—no sinecure of diplomatic dinners and court balls—have not entirely extinguished. Ulric is a poem which one can read through at a sitting. The interest of the story and the facility of the metre have beguiled the author into making it rather a metrical narrative than an elaborate poem; and as such it will be found worthy of a continuous perusal, which will every now and then discover some poetic beauty of no common order. The struggle of virtue with temptation has always been a favorite theme with poets who use their art to point morals as well as to adorn tales, and the hero of Mr. Fay's poem is one of those Knights Templar who war not only with flesh and blood, but with the principalities and powers of darkness,—

"Not alone
One whom his sovereign well might own;
For earthly glory, too, had shone
Round his victorious sword;
But Soldier of the Cross, to fight
Against the dark one of Sin's night,
And put Hell's treacherous chief to flight
With Christ's almighty word."

The contests of this champion of the truth with the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, assailing him in less tangible forms than those in which they came to St. Anthony, but in the more dangerous disguises of beauty, wealth, and power; the warning voices of duty and heavenly encouragement and succor which come to his aid in his extremities; and his final victory through the divine aid, form the groundwork and the plan of the story, the purpose of which is very direct and pure.

Ulric is the heir of an aged uncle, and one of the avenues through which he is assailed is the unnatural wish for the death of the old man and the immediate possession of his inheritance. In one of these moments of

temptation, when he resists the half-formed wish, father to the anticipation of his kinsman's death, he is surprised by the realization of his fancy; and the struggles of feeling that ensue, with the sequel of the incident, form a striking scene in the poem, which we quote as a specimen of its manner and matter:

But hark! what blended rapid sound
Through all the Palace spreads around?
And now a bell convulsive rings,
And now the door wide open swings,
And a pale, stammering servant brings,
With swift, fear-quickened tread,
The stunning, wild intelligence—
"Your uncle, sir, His Excellence,
Who but an hour ago, from hence,
To ride went forth—is dead."

He clasped his hands with wildered start;
What strong emotion, through his heart,
Swift streamed without alloy!
Say, was it love? or blind surprise?
Or grief, that filled his flashing eyes?
No! it was what, who grasps a prize
Feels in his breast resistless rise—
"Twas triumph! it was joy.

"Away," he said. The man withdrew.
But then, remorse his bosom through
Pierced quick, and mingled shame.
He thrust the bolt across the door—
He knelt him down upon the floor,
And in that holy name
Prayed, with a deep sincerity,
From such foul sin his soul to free
And himself in torture die,
Or bid of woe and beggary
To drink the chalice full—
Rather than all beneath the sky
Of Splendor at the Price, to buy
Of his immortal soul.

And from his knees he scarce arose
When once again a rapid buzz
Of mingling voices strikes his ear,
And forth he went the news to hear.
When lo! again the messenger!
Yet now, in truth, not pale with fear;
But wreathed with smiles his lips to tell
The accident as it befell.
His Excellency back had come:
Alive and well had reached his home,
Report had named him for the groom,
Who, in a sudden fit, had died,
While riding by his master's side.

And if from a human heart
All self were ever thrust apart,
If ever joy and candor spoke
In words from human lips that broke;
If ever rose a prayer sincere,
And fit for Heaven's approving ear,
It rose from Ulric when he pressed
His aged uncle to his breast.

We trust this contribution to home literature will not be the last which Mr. Fay will send to this country to sustain his connexion with American letters and disprove the old adage, "out of sight out of mind."

LIFE OF BICKERSTETH.*

BICKERSTETH's works, the more familiar of which are the *Scripture Help* and the *Treatise on Prayer*, are to be found on the same shelf with Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of the Soul*, and Baxter's *Saint's Rest*. They may be classed as works of sentimental piety, appealing rather to the emotions than to the intellect. Their wide popularity comes from their fervid sympathy with the devotional sentiment, their ready compre-

hension—to read and understand them being no task to the mind,—and their style, the familiar and conventional expression of the pulpit.

Bickersteth belonged to the evangelical portion of the established church of England. Wesley, though a seceder, the founder of Methodism, did much by his spiritual enthusiasm, to revive in the English Church the vivid element of evangelical Christianity. Newton, Cowper's friend, Legh Richmond, Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, and Bickersteth may be taken as well known exemplars of evangelical clergy-men. Theologically they are distinguished by being emphatic advocates for the spiritual dogma of justification by faith, in opposition to justification by works. Practically they are the strictest of their sect, and condemn what is conscientiously practised and approved of by other Christians; they put their ban upon various entertainments, the theatre, dancing, and the reading of the works of imagination. They thus, to some degree, revive the severe moral discipline of the Puritans, of whom Macaulay has said, they did not so much object to bull-baiting from the pain given to the animal, as from the pleasure received by the spectator.

The evangelical doctrine of justification by faith, which faith is not simply belief, the mere assent of the reason to truth, but a spiritual influence, implies an intense degree of self-consciousness, an ardent self-examination, a ceaseless stirring up of the emotions, in order to engender that spiritual enthusiasm which is essential to what is termed the experience of the influence of the Spirit. In this doctrine, which involves a high emotional religion, we have a key to the peculiar character of evangelical writing and speaking. Evangelical divines, in their books and sermons, almost uniformly appeal to the feelings; their doctrine is to be felt, not understood. This will explain the fervid style and apparent enthusiasm of all writings of the evangelical class. All the works of Bickersteth show these characteristics. The letters and diary which compose the chief part of the two copious volumes of his *memoirs*, are almost entirely made up of emotional appeals to himself and to others. The very expressions used, strike those accustomed to what many may regard as a calmer and juster mode of expression, as passionate, exaggerated, and intensely emphatic. In fact, the reverential are startled and shocked by familiar expressions and terms of endearment usual in human love, applied to the relations between man and God. In the letters and diary of Bickersteth are constantly to be found such expressions, in fact; there is very little else, as *lively Christians, clinging close to Christ, seeking Him with tears and cries, living upon Him, looking at Christ, seizing Christ, God crossing our hopes and prayers*. To show under what an apparent strain of enthusiastic feeling Bickersteth lived and wrote, mark the style in which he records the fact of his wife's delivery of a still-born child: "Our sweet little one had a short, though a rough passage to its Saviour's presence." In regard to the letters of Bickersteth, we find in the *Life* a remark of his father, a shrewd old gentleman, who used to say, when one of his son's long letters arrived, "A letter from Ned; put it by, it will do to read on Sunday." We have better models of religious composition for

* Ulric; or, the Voices. By T. S. Fay. D. Appleton & Co. 1851.

* Memoirs of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. By T. R. Birks. With Introduction by Stephen H. Tynze. D.D. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros.

that day. The letters are singularly deficient in interest, being perhaps too exclusively passionate expressions of religious feeling, almost universally in the same form and tone.

His life might be told in a few words, notwithstanding the two weighty octavo volumes of these *memoirs*. Edward Bickersteth was born in the town of Kirkby Lonsdale, in Westmoreland, England, March 19, 1786. His father was a country surgeon of moderate means. At fourteen years of age, after the best education at that early age that could be got at the grammar school of his native town, he received through some patron of his family a subordinate situation in the London post-office. Soon wearying of the fatiguing nature of his duties, and fired by a nobler ambition in life, he became a law student, and finally a lawyer. He practised at Norwich as an attorney, and married there. Desirous of becoming a clergyman, after pursuing his profession as an attorney for some years, he applied to the Bishop of Norwich, who ordained him, remitting in his favor the usual probation of a course of study at the University. His first ministerial duty was that of a missionary to the coast of Africa. Of his experience there, there is an amusing account of his preaching to the negroes, through a blundering negro interpreter: a *change of mind*, through this dark medium, was refracted into *chaining* the mind; two *classes* of men into two *glasses*; *written in a book for written with the foot*, and for ever the interpreter could not understand at all. Mr. Bickersteth remarked hopefully that the man would improve, and that it was better to do the thing imperfectly than not at all. But to continue. On Mr. Bickersteth's return to England he was appointed Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, with which and other Ecclesiastical associations for religious purposes he was actively connected, more or less, to the end of his life. He was presented with the Living of Watton, where he was rector for twenty years and where he finally died, February 28, 1850, aged 63 years. He was an active, zealous worker in the cause of his Faith. His sympathies were almost exclusively religious. Neither science, nor general literature, nor art ever diverted him with their enticing interests from his enthusiastic devotion to religion. He took but little interest in the passing events of the day beyond the limits of the religious world. There is a curious record of a political opinion in regard to the Maynooth grant in one of his letters: "I venture to write you again after reading Peel's, Gladstone's, and Roebuck's speeches. Peel's is worldly conservatism, Gladstone's is superstitious Romanism, Roebuck's infidel liberalism—the three unclean spirits of the day."

A much more interesting book might have been made out of the life of Bickersteth by a more judicious selection of material, and with less desire to make a book and a big book. We cannot understand why Dr. Tyng's name should appear on the title page in capitals as large as those of the author of the book. Does Bickersteth require any endorsement, or is it that the popularity of an eminent divine may induce people to read and buy (which is more to the purpose of the publishers) the book, on the supposition that that eminent divine had some hand in it; if the latter is the purpose, it is very much like what Dr. Tyng would denounce as a pious fraud.

MR. POOLE'S *HORÆ ÆGYPTIACÆ*.

Messrs. Editors:

A WEEK or so ago I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, a nephew of the learned Arabic scholar, E. W. Lane, Esq., and the author of a very valuable work on Egyptian Chronology, just published by John Murray. As Mr. Poole's letter contains several paragraphs of much interest to the literary public in general, I have thought that you might find them acceptable for the columns of the "Literary World," and accordingly I copy them off for that purpose: I do this, too, the more readily, because Mr. Putnam recently announced for republication (under Prof. J. A. Spencer's editorial care) the "*Horæ Ægyptiacæ*" of Mr. Poole, a work which I trust will meet with the favor here that it has received among the savans of England.

In the first part of his letter Mr. P. speaks in very flattering terms of Prof. Spencer's "*East*," stating that a second careful perusal of the volume had confirmed the opinion which Mr. Lane and he had formed at first of its correctness: "We have found it, indeed" (he says), "remarkably correct, as I can satisfactorily prove to you by the very few inaccuracies which we have detected, or thought we have detected." After noticing several points, which will be carefully attended to in a second edition (which may be expected in the autumn), Mr. P. modestly assures me that "many of the items of the preceding list are of but little importance;" yet inasmuch as he, as well as every lover of truth, is interested in works which give a *truthful* view of the East as it now is, he has taken pains to be thus careful and explicit with regard to even the minutest particulars. The value of testimony such as this, to the correctness of "*The East*," is most deeply and gratefully appreciated by the author, and cannot be without its effect upon his readers.

The remainder of Mr. Poole's letter relates almost entirely to his own work; I give what he says in his own words, which I hope will not be considered on the one hand a violation of private confidence, nor on the other as egotistical or boastful, since the letter was in nowise intended for the public eye.

"You will be glad to hear that the '*Horæ Ægyptiacæ*' has been extremely well received by our greatest authorities. I have had the most gratifying letters from Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Sir John Herschel, Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, Dr. Samuel Lee, the great Hebraist, and others. Although I had a confident hope that my discoveries would ultimately be received by the truly learned, on account of their being merely monumental facts, and because of the great cause which they tend to support, yet I confess that I did not expect so much encouragement at the very outset. I need not tell you that the excellent Duke of Northumberland continues to hold the same high opinion of my work which he expressed long ago; but I must not forget to tell you that Mr. Layard and Col. Rawlinson have expressed much interest in it. Through some mutual friends Mr. Layard had expressed to me a wish that we should correspond, and I consequently wrote to him. Lately I received a most interesting and friendly letter from him, in which, among other matters, he warmly congratulates me on my success, for he was aware of the Duke's patronage of my work, and Sir Gardner Wilkinson's adoption of my views.

"In reading my work you will miss much that I said in my papers respecting Israel in

Egypt, and the Hebrew Chronology. My reason for reserving these subjects for another publication is, as I have mentioned in my works, that the '*Horæ Ægyptiacæ*' may treat, as much as possible, on the chronology and history found on the monuments of Egypt. And I am certain that in doing this I have made the work more convincing, and, therefore, more corroborative of the Bible. For if it could be shown that there is nothing on the Egyptian monuments that contradicts the Sacred Volume, but, on the contrary, that the chronological and historical records of those monuments agree with it (on their evidence alone), it is advisable to treat of Jewish history and chronology in another work. At the same time I may mention to you that I have much additional matter confirming my views already expressed on these subjects. You know how entirely I have at heart the desire to vindicate the truth—the truth of the Inspired Word."

Since the receipt of Mr. Poole's letter (at the close of which, by the by, I ought to have stated that he informs me that Mr. Lane is enjoying better health, and proceeding in his Arabic Lexicon and Thesaurus with zeal and activity) a copy of his work has reached me: I send you the title, as expressive of the design and value of the volumes—"*HORÆ ÆGYPTIACÆ*;" or, the Chronology of Ancient Egypt discovered from Astronomical and Hieroglyphic Records upon its Monuments; including many dates found in coeval inscriptions from the period of the building of the Great Pyramids to the times of the Persians: and illustrations of the History of the Nineteen Dynasties, showing the order of their succession, from the Monuments. By Reginald Stuart Poole. With plates and numerous cuts. London: John Murray. 1851, pp. 278, 8vo."

J. A. S.

Aug. 4th, 1851.

LATIN PRONUNCIATION—PROF. HALDEMAN.

In reference to Prof. Haldeman's letter published in No. 236, we wish to say a few words touching one point—the prosodiacal influence of the Latin J on the preceding syllable.

There is a singular discrepancy in this influence. The medial J between two vowels, as we stated, *always* lengthens the syllable before it, and the Professor is not accurate in comparing it with V under the same circumstances, for medial V is frequently preceded by a short syllable, as in two of the very three examples he gives (*avis, avena*).

But the initial J, preceded by the final short vowel of another word, does not affect the quantity of that vowel; a fact which we take blame to ourselves for not having noticed at the time.

That the Roman J was pronounced like Y, most scholars are agreed; on that point we are not at all at variance with Professor H. But this question is altogether independent of the power of medial J, in lengthening the preceding syllable. *If it does this by coalescing with the preceding vowel, it ceases to be a consonant, since a short vowel and a consonant cannot make a long syllable or a diphthong together.*

We can continue to believe that the medial J gives position, and yet be able to explain the circumstance of the initial J not lengthening the short final vowel of the word before it, thus. Suppose this initial J in such a case was considered not J but I, not a consonant but a vowel; then, by the ordinary rules of versification, it would cause the final vowel before it to be elided, and

would itself be shortened by the vowel after it, thus *opibusque juvabo* would be read metrically *opi|busqu' iu|vabo*.

A QUESTION.

PARA; or, a Voyage up the Amazon, just published, has a preface dated May 10, 1851, copyright taken out 1851, no other dates about the book indicating the time of the adventures; the almost unavoidable inference being with every reader that Mr. Warren has just got home and that the book is a picture of Para and vicinity as it is, while the date of Mr. Warren's adventures must have been several years earlier than Edwards's Voyage up the Amazon, who sailed from New York February, 1846.

Compare the account of the death of Mr. Graham, page 103, Warren's "Para" with Edwards's mention of same event, page 66 of his work.

The question is whether the omission of dates under the circumstances is not equivalent to a misstatement. P.A.

STUDIES OF THE SPANISH DRAMA, FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILARETE CHASLES.

XIII.

Continuation.—1620 to 1660—Spain in France—Women and Romances—Social Magnetism—Dread of Spain—Costumes—Callot—Poesy—Chocolate and Hock—Theatre—Galloons and Gallants—Voiture—Balzac—Saint Amand—Pierre Corneille.

It is useless for us to call ourselves Frenchmen exclusively: all the nations which God has placed and mingled on the road of the world have made each nation what it is. The Romans confessed that they were Etruscan and Grecian. Rome suckled us from her firm breasts with milk of heroes, Italy learnt us to spell, Spain aroused the passionate imagination of our youth—England instructed our maturity in political life. The facile mobility of the Gallic mind has led her in turn to draw from these different fountains; these loans have remained with us, these races are our debtors. We owe something to all these civilizations.

The thoughts of nations, subject to the law of nature, fructify only by alliances. If you adopt a pedantic nationality, you must needs find fault with Racine for being a Greek; Bossuet for being Hebrew; the Genevese Rousseau for being German; Milton for being Italian. All nations have improved and expanded in this way. Norman France impregnated with her narrative genius the observation and analytical genius of England. Spenser and Shakspeare are scholars of Italy. Spain, more restive to instruction, yet owes much to the Arabs and Romans.

In this vast mutual instruction of nations we see every powerful nation elevate herself in turn to the rank of instructress. The Arabs and Provençals succeeded to the Romans, who themselves had succeeded to the Greeks. From the 14th to the 15th century Italy gave the law to the intellectual world. The turn of Spain came under Louis XIII.

This monarch, who, after the example of the kings of Spain, banished the Jews from his kingdom, invested himself in a hollow-hearted gravity, a cold and melancholy seriousness which recalls the Castilian formality. Everything, as I have said, was Spanish in France.

Spain drew upon herself the attention of the globe, a nation both conqueror and poet,

who had discovered a world and could keep it, who set one foot on Peru and the other on Germany and Flanders. As early as 1590 Spanish influence created the French League; we find the same influence at work in Brussels, Naples, Rome, Vienna, Mexico, Hispaniola, Florida, everywhere detested, hated, admired; I was about to say loved, we willingly love that which we fear. At the very moment when the imprecations of the civilized world were mingled with the far off tears of the Indians, and the groans of slaves, Europe modelled herself upon Spain. There was as much admiration as malediction, for this Spain

— "mère de l'orgueil,
Qui, préparant notre cerceuil
Et de la corde et de la roue,
Arrivait avec ses vaisseaux,
Qui portaient peints dessus la proue,
Des potences et des bourreaux."

This dread of Spain was still in force at Paris when Louis XIV. was born. "The Spanish soldiers are so near me," says a Parisian writer* (1637) "that when I do not venture out from love to you, I cannot from love to myself: they have broken through all the surrounding points, they are ready at every moment to break the chain."

A dominant people associates all other peoples to its thought and its language. At the commencement of the 17th century the Spanish dictionary invaded us, and charged our flexible language with the weight of its sonorous words. We then no longer said *la subtilité*, but *la pointe de l'esprit*; *agudezza*. The word *manganilla* (intrigue, cunning turn), a word now almost obsolete in Spain, becomes *manigance*, and is still preserved by us. A lover in France is no longer a lover, but a gallant, as in Spain. The young man à la mode is transformed into *cavalier* (caballero.) We adopt the word *bizarro*, bizarre, which with us is almost a word of reproach, and which Spain makes a compliment. "At Madrid," says a traveller of the 17th century, "the pretty women all pride themselves on being original and bizarre. Nothing can be more flattering than to tell a lady of society that she is *bizarra*."

We shall not trace all the loans which our dictionary made from Spain under Anne of Austria the Spanish, and during the youth of her son. The Castilian phraseology encumbers with its pompous circumlocutions the Memoirs of Richelieu and those of Mad. de Motteville. We recognise Spain in the mind and character of Richelieu himself. He loves, and while combating, imitates these terrible Romans of Christendom, *seides* of the religious monarchy which binds in one chain the citizens of Antwerp and the Peruvians of Cuzco; warriors who went, cross in hand.

"Picorer jusqu'au bout du monde."†

Balzac is a Spaniard. His lay sermons are the second volume of the verbose and solemn amplifications of Balthazar Gratián, the gallant prettinesses of Voiture, although they still show a slight Italian tinge, are pre-eminently Castilian. From 1610, emphasis took possession of familiar discourse and epistolary style. "It is a settled thing in our time," says a writer of the epoch, "that to have a passion for some one, is taken ordinarily for the simple movement of a slight regard apparently disinterested."‡

A passion has become a very small affair; perverted from its meaning by Spanish courtesy it will soon be lost in "very humble servant."

At Paris, 1640, women and distinguished personages were no longer addressed but in harmonious and empty compliment, a pompous eulogy and commonplace flattery, which the Spaniards have wittily called "celestial music." All the saloons resounded with this caressing and vain harmony. People no longer saluted one another, they kissed one another's feet, à l'Espagnole—*Dadmi essos pies*. The costume of the conquerors seduced Europe; Callot, "whose burin embroiled history" (as Voiture foolishly pretends), an artist more historical than the historians, multiplied his delicious parodies of those gentlemen who walk with hand on thigh, of those poetic cripples, those beggars warmed by the sun, of those superb footmen, true infants of Castile. We owe to him the portraits of their immense boots, urns of leather finically elaborated, overrunning with fluttering lace; we owe him the image of those slashed doublets, those more than coarse positions, those more than insolent attitudes, those inimitable fopperies which have come to us from Spain. Alas! what remains of them! Some evening, by the light of two smoky candles, you may perceive at a street crossway, in the scum of a great city pendent from a slack or tightened cord, in the midst of tinsel robes and Punchinello dresses, a limp plume on a dirty hat, a short cloak in rags in which holes dispute for place with stains. It is the purple of Castile and the cloak of the Cid—such is the remnant of the chivalric costume.

Nevertheless the domination of this costume, now abandoned to rope dancers, has been universal; a savage nation who have remained unchanged for six hundred years, still preserve it, as a symbol of sovereignty. In 1813 a French colonel visited Montenegro. He paid his respects to the governor of the country, and saw with surprise that this petty barbarous monarch wore on ceremonious occasions the coat of Pizarro in unchanged condition. This embroidered coat was preserved from father to son, in the midst of the inaccessible forests and rocks of Transylvania, last melancholy symbol of a power which had terrified the world. The *galan* (lover) whom we have seen emigrate from Spain to France, gave his name to those ribbon toys of gold and silk, which were called *galans* under Louis the Fourteenth, and in our day have become *galons*, and which nowadays confined to lacqueys and carriages, played a fine part during "la grande regne." Let us see how they sent ribbons or galons to their fair ones: "I send you" (says Voiture) "twelve *galans* from Spain. As discretion is one of the principal qualities of the gallant, I think that in sending twelve I shall pay you very liberally what I owe you. Do not be afraid of accepting so large a number, you who as yet have not been willing to receive even one." There was no longer a French France, Spain had the upper hand. The people set to work drinking chocolate à l'Espagnole, they played hoc like the Spaniards, they gave *fiestas* on the water after their example. A thousand Castilian expressions have remained among us. "To love in five or six places at once," is a Spanish saying which is used by all the small sonneteers and storytellers whom Molière put to flight with the

* Théophile Vland. † Saint Amand. ‡ Garasse.

Kirkaldy, I have heard the two described as often seen walking on the sea-beach in earnest conversation, and no doubt the doctrines of the Church which both were preparing to enter formed frequently a main portion of their talk, to which it would not be surprising if Carlyle contributed the sceptical, and Irving the believing portion. It is curious that both these men should afterwards have made so very peculiar a figure in London, as stormy denouncers (each in his own fashion) of the established present, and prophets of a better future.

In *Sartor Resartus*, Carlyle himself has so vividly painted the stages of his early mental development, and his writings throughout so unequivocally betray the peculiarities of his personal character, that it is unnecessary in a sketch like the present to dwell on either. About 1823, it would seem, he resolved to quit Kirkaldy, not to enter the church, but to establish himself at Edinburgh as an "author by profession." His mind had been well disciplined by his previous career; it was stored with general information by habits of miscellaneous reading, and accident had recently introduced him to the study of German literature. In his solitary Edinburgh home, the lofty stoicism of Fichte nerved him for the glorious difficulties of a literary career: the powerful and beautiful imaginings of Schiller transported him into an element of art far finer and higher than any he had breathed in the Scotts and Byrons of his time; and Goethe, if not yet fully appreciated, was beginning to teach him how to cast that calm representative glance on men and things which, strangely struggling with his native vehemence of disposition, is more or less displayed in all his works. The year 1824 exhibits results of all Carlyle's past studies and culture. Sir David Brewster introduced him to *The Encyclopædia Edinensis*, then edited by that well known savant, and where Carlyle's articles on Montesquieu and Montaigne, on Nelson and the county of Norfolk, and on the two Pitts, may still be read with interest and instruction. Carlyle's very earliest essay is, I believe (and it may be mentioned for the sake of future Boswells), to be seen in a number for the year 1824 of a short-lived publication called *The New Edinburgh Review*; the subject, Joanna Baillie's *Plays of the Passions*. The same year witnessed the publication of a translation from his hand of Legendre's *Geometry*, published in Paris the year before, and to which is affixed an Essay on Proportions, by Carlyle himself, which has obtained, I believe, the praise of professional mathematicians. Edinburgh booksellers still hint to you of minor translations, such as that of *Paul and Virginia*, in which Carlyle had a share; but they may be safely left to the researches of future Boswells. His chief achievement in this department, belonging to the year 1824, was the translation of Goethe's famous novel of *Wilhelm Meister*, with a preface by the translator, which, as well as the translation itself, showed Carlyle to be a man of no ordinary talents. Jeffrey, while "cutting up" the novel itself in *The Edinburgh Review*, pronounced the translator to be a "person of parts." De Quincey, on the other hand, who had previously been considered (or had considered himself) the chief English cultivator of German Literature, influenced, I fear, by jealousy, denounced *Wilhelm Meister* in *The London Magazine*, not merely as a bad book, but as a bad translation; and strove to prove Carlyle did not understand English.

About this period, Carlyle seems to have visited London for the first time; at any rate, it was now that his *Life of Schiller* began to appear piecemeal in *The London Magazine*, then the cleverest of metropolitan periodicals, supported by Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, and others of their schools. On his return to Scotland (if he ever left it), Edward Irving introduced him to the family of the late Charles Buller, to whom and his brother he acted for some time as tutor. Charles Buller's career throughout life he watched with care, and it was with Mr. Buller's appointment to the Chief Commissionership of the Poor Law Board that there developed itself in Carlyle that interest in the pauper question which, peculiarly manifested, has lately astonished some of his readers. About this time also, he married a lady whom Goethe describes as "beautiful and highly cultivated," and with this event began the settled period of his existence. For some years afterwards, he lived alternately in Edinburgh, and at a little estate in Dumfriesshire, called Craigenputtock, engaged in literary labors. During this period, he produced his *Specimens of German Romance*, and commenced his connexion with *The Edinburgh and Foreign Reviews*. The Kirkaldy teacher had already become a noted man: among his correspondents (thanks to the translation of *Meister*) he reckoned Goethe himself, and some scraps of his letters to the illustrious German, published in a corner of Goethe's works, and now, I believe, for the first time appearing in English, throw interesting light on his life and literature up to 1830:

THOMAS CARLYLE TO GOETHE.

Craigenputtock, 25th Sept., 1828.

You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about 15,000 inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the northwest of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westwards through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis—a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial mansion; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature with diligence, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation.

Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only dissipation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from every one who in any case might visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of Saint Pierre.

My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own: here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves; even though

Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of Literature.

Nor is the solitude of such great importance; for a stage coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weymar. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cartload of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals,—whatever may be their worth?

Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. Yet whither am I tending? let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least pray write to me again and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you.

The next scrap shows him at work in *The Edinburgh Review*, producing his noble essay on Burns:

The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an essay on Burns. Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he was a man of the most decided genius; but born in the lowest rank of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at last mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796.

We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any that has lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light.

The next and final letter shows him at work for *The Foreign Review*, started in opposition to the *The Foreign Quarterly*, by a Mr. Fraser, and to which Southey and Carlyle adhered. The "correspondence" mentioned is that between Schiller and Goethe. The essay itself appeared, years afterwards, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

22d December, 1829.

I have, with no slight contentment, reperused the "correspondence," and despatch to-day an essay on Schiller, for *The Foreign Review*, founded on it. It will be pleasant for you to hear that the knowledge and appreciation of Foreign, and especially of German literature, is spreading with growing rapidity wherever the English language is spoken, so that, at Antipodes, and even in New Holland, the sages of your land preach their wisdom. I heard lately, that even at Oxford and Cambridge, our two English Universities which till now have been considered the strongholds of insular prejudice and inertia, there are symptoms of activity in these matters. At Cambridge, your Niebuhr has met with a skilful translator; and at Oxford, two or three Germans find already sufficient employment as teachers of their language. The new light may be too strong for certain eyes; but no one can doubt the happy effects which will finally result from it. Let but nations, like individuals, know each other, and mutual hatred will be transformed into mutual helpfulness, and, instead of "natural enemies," as neighboring countries have been sometimes called, we shall all be natural friends.

Niebuhr found, I believe, two Cambridge translators; one of them, Thirlwall, is now Bishop of St. David's, the other, Hare, is an Archdeacon. Since Carlyle wrote, not only is German considered an element of scholarship at the University, but at the public

schools likewise; and at Rugby it is just now, I hear, quite "the rage."

For a year or two more, writing for the *Reviews*, and composing *Sartor Resartus*, Carlyle remained in Scotland, fluctuating between Craigenputtock and Edinburgh. By studious men of penetration, on both sides of the Atlantic, he was beginning to be recognised for what he is, and the young Emerson, coming about this time to England, pilgrimed as naturally to Craigenputtock and Carlyle, as to Rydal Mount and Wordsworth. But "the Professorial or other office" alluded to in the letter to Goethe, did not offer itself, and, not long after the opening of the thirties, Carlyle settled in London. *Sartor Resartus* saw the light in *Fraser's Magazine*, to which, as well as to the *Foreign Quarterly*, and the *London and Westminster Review*, he contributed with more or less steadiness for many years. Meanwhile, too, was proceeding the elaboration and publication of that remarkable series of works which, in point of art, not less than from their many-sided vigor, throw all contemporary literature into the shade—The French Revolution, Chartism, Past and Present, Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, and, but last year, the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. And from time to time, there were intercalated, as it were, oral lectures on German Literature, on the Three Periods of European Culture, on Modern Revolutions, on Heroes and Hero-Worship, to which the aristocracy and mitred orthodoxy of London crowded, and were brought face to face with the man whose writings had excited their bewildered and admiring wonderment.

Perhaps the best way to estimate the nature and extent of Carlyle's influence is to consider the strange variety of minds which have been irresistibly drawn into his immediate sphere, and sought his counsel or co-operation. Other thinkers have had their fixed circles of admirers or worshippers, but every circle has sent its quota to Carlyle's. Call over the roll of persons who have been in relations with him, and what contemporary can show the like. A "world-poet" like Goethe; ecclesiastics like the Bishop of St. David's, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Dr. Chalmers, and Professor Maurice; statesmen like Sir Robert Peel and the late Chas. Buller; agitators, the Anti-Corn-Law League and the Secular School Association; hard, practical men, like Edwin Chadwick, and Mr. Whitworth, the competitor for the honor of sweeping Manchester streets; revolutionists, Mazzini and Cavaignac; men of letters in every department, and of every conceivable shade of opinion—Southey, Lockhart, Jeffrey, John Sterling, John Stuart Mill, Ebenezer Elliott, Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, Samuel Rogers, Samuel Bamford, the American Emerson, Miss Martineau, Leigh Hunt, Monckton Milnes, and all the young men of talent of the day. And, practically, no useful scheme or measure has been carried out of late years, from the founding of the London Library to the repeal of the Corn-Laws, which does not owe something to him.

Of late years, Carlyle's tendency has been more and more to the practical and political. He had been silent for three years when the French Revolution of 1848 dissolved Europe into chaos, and when Ireland was threatened with death. He did not then hesitate to descend into the arena of contemporary politics, and the growl of his thunder and the crack of his Titan-whip were heard in the

Examiner and *Spectator* newspapers. *Fraser's Magazine* gave him voice on "Indian Corn" and the "West Indian Negroes." And last year, his whole power was put forth in *The Latter-Day Pamphlets*, his most startling productions, and of which this is not the place to speak. At present, as we learn from a contemporary, he is engaged in preparing a memoir of the late John Stirling, one of the most beautiful figures in our recent literature. Succeeding *The Latter-Day Pamphlets*, it will be sunshine after storm.—(*London Critic*.)

THE DRAMA.

A HUGE stone was thrown, on Tuesday of last week, into the smoothly-flowing current of summer theatricals in the city, by Mr. MARSHALL'S Complimentary Committee at Castle Garden. From morning till late into the night, an unbroken succession of performances filled the great round of the Garden with Music, Ballet, Drama, to admiring thousands. So great an array of artists of all classes has never before, we believe, been employed on any occasion in this country. It is enough to say that it passed off from beginning to end without a rub, to the entire satisfaction of all the parties, performers, and partakers thereof.

Prof. ANDERSON, who has taken to himself the title of Wizard of the North, presented his private entertainment of wonders at Tripler Hall, on the 14th, before a large and brilliant audience. All of his feats were decidedly successful and many of them quite marvellous. The Professor labored at a considerable disadvantage with the racket of the omnibuses rushing in constantly at the windows and overpowering his explanations: which were in many cases necessary to the perfect understanding and success of his magical experiments.

VARIETIES.

FASHIONABLE PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.—Our Paris correspondent writes: "The director of the theatre of Porte St. Martin has been obliged to close his doors; and the other melodramatic theatres are doing most wretched business. The fact is, that melodramatic has had its day. Playgoers are now so *blasés*, that its emotions, strong as they are, have no effect on them. Horrors are at a discount, murder is flat, villainy, even of the most damnable kind, stale. The present generation is too stiff-necked to shudder at the diabolical doings of the traitor, and too hard-hearted to snivel at the persecution of the heroine. It has not the patience to sit through four or five acts of sterling adventure to see virtue triumph and guilt punished, even though the operations take place amidst the blaze of blue fire. Like the Greeks and Romans of old, the Parisians are now displaying a sort of passionate enthusiasm for games in the circus, chariot-races, feats of horsemanship, wrestling, and such like, relieved by sundry modern innovations. In a short time they will, perhaps, demand gladiatorial conflicts, and a little later, the sanguinary combats of wild animals. We have already about half-a-dozen hippodromes in Paris or the immediate vicinity, and there are projects on foot for establishing others. In fact, a perfect rage prevails at present for this description of amusement, and the caterers for it are getting in a golden harvest. Ballooning also is in high favor; four ascents take place regularly every week, by professional aeronauts; and, to make them interesting, the danger of them is increased in the most in-

genious way. At one time, for example, a man and his wife go up in an open carriage and pair; at another, a basket-full of wild Arabs, fresh from the desert, are despatched heavenwards; at a third, three or four slightly-draped young girls are hung by wires from the car. And, still further to pique public curiosity, we are promised, in a short time, the exhibition of a gentleman *flying*, a feat which it is expected will procure him, *learus-like*, an awful tumble. All this is loudly lamented as an unquestionable proof of the degeneracy of the public taste: some censors even say that it shows, more strikingly than frequent revolutions, that the French nation is in full decadence."—*Literary Gazette*.

THE ARRANGEMENTS OF A GALLICIAN COUNTRY INN.—No sign-board announces that entertainment is provided there for man and beast,—indeed, it sometimes happens that shelter is the only refreshment which can be supplied to either; but a large oblong building, closed at either end by an immense pair of folding doors, indicates to the experienced eye that a place of rest is at hand. In you drive, and find yourself in a huge barn-like edifice, with rack horses and manger on either side, at which perhaps a dozen horses are standing, while four or five vehicles, arranged in Indian file in the centre, oppose for a time further progress. Room, however, is made for the new comer, and you alight on a mass of stable filth, which no one thinks it worth his while to remove, and pick your way as you best can to the lower end of the building, where, on one side, you will usually find the apartments appropriated to travellers, and, on the other, those which are used by the family, including the kitchen. In most cases, the rooms intended for the guests who may be compelled to stay for the night, contain a table and a chair or two, or perhaps a bench; and there is generally one bedstead at least, sometimes two, with a small quantity of hay laid upon it, almost as hard, from long use, as the bedstead itself. It is the custom for travellers to carry their own mattress and bedding with them; and when the landlord provides these, a separate and rather a high charge is always made for the accommodation. The same practice prevails even in large cities like Lemberg and Cracow; and lodging is therefore very dear—nearly one third higher than in Paris or Berlin.—*Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle*.

TALL WOMEN.—I am partial to short ladies. Here I shall be told, perhaps, that the Greeks include size in their ideal of beauty; that all of Homer's fair ones are "large and comely," and that Lord Byron has expressed his detestation of "dumpy women." All that is very true, but what is it all to me? Women are not ideals, nor do we love or admire them as such. Homer makes his heroes tall, as well as his heroines; there cannot, as Falstaff says, be better sympathy. And, as for his lordship, when I am the Grank Turk, he shall choose for me. I revere the sex as much as any man, but I do not like to look up to them. I had rather be consorted "with the youngest wren of nine," than with any daughter of Eve, whose morning stature was taller than my evening shadow. Whatever such an Amazon might condescend to say to me, it would sound of "nothing but low and little." Those pretty diminutives, which, in all languages, are the terms of affection, from her lips, would seem like personalities; she could have but one set of phrases for fondness, and for scorn: "If I would whisper soft nonsense in her ear," I must get on my legs, as if I were going to move a resolution; if, in walking, I would keep step with her, I must stride as if I were measuring the ground for two duellists, one of whom was my very good friend, and the other a very good shot. Should I dance with her (alas! I am past my dancing days), I should seem like a cork-boat, tossing in a storm, at the

point of his victorious pen. The women wore mantillas; Amadis was the rage; the taste for romantic adventures charmed the most sensible people on the face of the earth. Our familiar words are borrowed from Spain. Do we wish to speak of ancient times, we say the age of Uther Pendragon. Balzac gravely complains that the public "runs indifferently after all the Spanish romances." Don Quixote has not killed the Amadis, and the Palmerins, he has only enhanced their relish. A woman who was considered pretty was beautiful as the infant Briana, lovely as Arlanda, strong and well limbed as Gradafilia. An old man was called grey-beard (*una barba*), as in the comedies "de Figuron." The only horses esteemed were Spanish jennets. "I have some neighbors," says a letter-writer, "who work their Spanish horses admirably." They curled, cut, and twisted their moustache in the Spanish style. "Your fine warrior," says Voiture to a lady, "consists entirely in the point of his Spanish beard, and of his two moustaches. To make an end of him, it would be only an affair of three strokes of a scissors." This Spanish infatuation lasted until the middle of the reign of Louis XIV.: the immensity of the bands and collars, "with broad borders," had no other origin.

This shadow of Spain fell on Versailles, on its solemn manners, its customs, its admirable melange of nobility and elegance, its literature gravely sweet, perfectly and nobly beautiful. By a singular dispensation of Providence, Spain, who governed everything by her example, her manners, and her language, was to die in her splendor, die in the midst of her triumph. She prepared her own agony by her ignorance, pride, and idleness. She had acquired the fountain of gold and the cradle of diamonds; she possessed great writers, sublime painters, great characters; she saw herself sublime, thought herself immortal, and went to sleep.

A French writer, a man of talent, who visited Spain between 1623 and 1633, in the time of Alarcon, thus describes the strange apathy of this glorious people, who buried themselves in a tomb:—"The laziness of the Spaniards nowadays is so great," he says, "that they cannot make the people of Madrid sweep before their doors. When it rains, it costs the city of Madrid eighty thousand dollars. Those who ordinarily furnish the city with bread do not leave their villages when the weather is bad, although they could sell at better rates than usual. It is often necessary to send a justice after them. Is wheat dear in Andalusia? If it is to be had cheap in Castile, those of Castile do not take the trouble to send it to them, nor those of Andalusia to go after it. It must needs be brought to them from France and elsewhere."

Sad suicide! To perish thus after having created the first epic of the nations of modern Europe, the first romance of modern civilization, after having opened the doors of America to the modern nations! Neither Spain nor Europe was aware of this decadence; Spain admired herself, and her neighbors copied her; the works created by her served as models for all. In France these germs were fruitful. Scarron borrowed from them the coarse outlines of embroiled intrigue, and the popular facetie of the *Picaro* novels; D'Urfey amused the women by imitating her pastoral fantasies; Saint Amand cultivated especially her exaggerated images; Voiture imitated *Pestilo*

culto; Corneille found in this mine of gold the primitive element of his genius, a super-human grandeur, and the energetic combats of passion and duty. His brother, whose mind was not deficient in ease and ability; Thomas Corneille, who often rhymed the verses of Peter, and who opened a trap door to pass him the rhyme, from the second to the first story. Thomas Corneille drew from Spain her least profound and least powerful qualities—her ably constructed intrigue, the unanticipated situations, the operations of strange events, the strife of destiny against itself; love and hate, good and ill interlaced in a fragile web—a quick and rapid movement, rather than a serious imitation of life; disguisings and sword thrusts, extraordinary encounters, marvellous springs, and the easy expedient of the *apostasias*, in which enemies and lovers hide behind the arras. All this is amusing, futile, and perishable. You might call these tissues of smoke-wreaths, whose tenuity is so graceful, and whose draperies float along over the green foliage when summer winds blow. This infantine poesy of incidents and surprises traverses seas and continents, sparkles on the surface, takes root nowhere, penetrates nothing, and toys with religion as with love, with war as with glory, with good as with evil. It glides over everything light and resplendent, sparkling over cuirass and doublet, admirable for its rapidity alone. There are some traces of this adventurous and frivolous poetry. *Tristan, Hardy, and Mairiel* have given us its parody without grace, which was perpetuated as far as Quinault, whose *Timocrate* is a true Spanish piece, and survived until Louis XIV.: Rhadamiste and Zenobia are enrolled in the same succession. The *visionnaires* of Desmarets, and the amusing whimsies of our friend Cyrano de Bergerac, are fruits of the same soil. It still remains for us yet to explore the most difficult, most intimate, most noble, most serious portion of Spanish genius—this, belonged to the Great Corneille.

Power of passion, of thought, of combination, such were his demands on the Spanish stage. He penetrated into the sparkling waters, of which his contemporaries saw but the foam and the surface, the mobile and the luminous reflection. *Las Mocedades del Cid* transformed, furnished him with the most beautiful of modern tragedies. An anonymous comedy by Alarcon offered him the comedy of Manners. He studied, and even translated it. He did not pretend, modest and conscientious great man, to any other merit than to have found these precious stones, appreciated them at their value, and set them according to the taste of the nation. He was treated as modest talent is always treated; he had not the wherewithal, in his old age, to mend his stockings.

THE VILLAGE BELL.

HARK! hark! the village bell
Steals o'er the ear with its magical swell,
Sometimes of sadness and sorrow to tell.
Ding, dong, the village bell.
Sounding, sounding, by night and by day,
Dying at last like a dark dream away;
Giving to earth again creatures of clay—
Sounding, still sounding, the livelong day.
Ding, dong, tolling at ev'n,
Softly and sweetly the sad tones are given,
Some soul hath blissfully floated to heaven,
Ding, dong, the link has been riven.
Toll, toll; time's wing flieeth fast,
Vain are man's hopes on life's shallow bark
cast;

Deathless eternity dawneth at last,—
Toll, toll, life's ocean is past.

Ding, dong, the fatal knell,
Breaking the heart with its sorrowful swell,
Stole on the ear, and the mother's tears fell,
Keeping sad time to the mournful old bell.
She buried her darling; the bird she lov'd best,
She'd woo him again to a wounded one's nest.
Come they to earth who are happy and blest?
Ding, dong; they rest, they rest.

Ding, dong; mortal, no more
Dream thou of bliss on life's shadowy shore;
Stars, earth, and ocean, and all shall be o'er;
Ding, dong; dream thou no more.
Toll, toll; the soul cannot die,
Visions of glory await it on high;
Spirit, then lift thy bright winglets, and fly,—
Angels are waiting thee: off, to the sky!

J. M. A.

Columbia, Tenn.

MY HARP.

I've heard that unto angels bright,
Whose crystal home is heaven,
Where dawns an endless day of light,
Such golden harps are given.
Take back the gift thou'st brought to me,
Not mine to touch the prize;
I am of earth, though fain I'd be
An angel in thine eyes.

I am of earth! a faulty thing!
Scarce worthy of thy love;
To earthly joys my soul doth cling,
Such souls are not above.
I'll take thy harp! when far away,
No sacrilege 'twill be,
To touch the strings, if I can say,
An angel gave it me.

J. M. A.

Columbia, Tenn.

A PICTURE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[From an article in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1827, not included in the collection of his writings.]

"THE state of England, at the present moment (June, 1827), bears a close resemblance to that of France at the time when Turgot was called to the head of affairs. Abuses were numerous; public burdens heavy; a spirit of innovation was abroad among the people. The philosophical minister attempted to secure the ancient institutions, by amending them. The mild reforms which he projected, had they been carried into execution, would have conciliated the people, and saved from the most tremendous of all commotions the church, the aristocracy, and the throne. But a crowd of narrow-minded nobles, ignorant of their own interest, though solicitous for nothing else, the Newcastles and the Salisburys of France, began to tremble for their oppressive franchises. Their clamors overpowered the mild good sense of a king who wanted only firmness to be the best of sovereigns. The minister was discarded for councillors more obsequious to the privileged orders; and the aristocracy and clergy exulted in their success.

"Then came a new period of profusion and misrule. And then, swiftly, like an armed man, came poverty and dismay. The acclamations of the nobles, and the *Te Deums* of the church, grew fainter and fainter. The very courtiers muttered disapprobation. The ministers stammered out feeble and inconsistent counsels. But all other voices were soon drowned in one, which every moment waxed louder and more terrible,—in the fierce and tumultuous roar of a great people, conscious of irresistible strength, maddened by intolerable wrongs, and sick of deferred hopes! That cry, so

long stifled, now rose from every corner of France, made itself heard in the presence-chamber of her king, in the saloons of her nobles, and in the refectories of her luxurious priesthood. Then, at length, concessions were made which the subjects of Louis the Fourteenth would have thought it impious even to desire,—which the most factious opponent of Louis the Fifteenth had never ventured to ask,—which, but a few years before, would have been received with ecstasies of gratitude. But it was too late!

"The imprisoned genie of the Arabian Tales, during the early period of his confinement, promised wealth, empire, and supernatural powers, to the man who should extricate him. But when he had waited long in vain, mad with rage at the continuance of his captivity, he vowed to destroy his deliverer without mercy! Such is the gratitude of nations, exasperated by misgovernment, to rulers who are slow to concede. The first use which they make of freedom is to avenge themselves on those who have been so slow to grant it.

"Never was this disposition more remarkably displayed than at the period of which we speak. Abuses were swept away with unsparring severity. The royal prerogatives, the feudal privileges, the provincial distinctions, were sacrificed to the passions of the people. Every thing was given; and every thing was given in vain. Distrust and hatred were not to be thus eradicated from the minds of men who thought that they were not receiving favors but extorting rights; and that, if they deserved blame, it was not from their insensibility to tardy benefits, but for their forgetfulness of past oppression.

"What followed was the necessary consequence of such a state of feeling. The recollection of old grievances made the people suspicious and cruel. The fear of popular outrages produced emigrations, intrigues with foreign courts, and, finally, a general war. Then came the barbarity of fear; the triple despotism of the clubs, the committees, and the commune; the organized anarchy, the fanatical atheism, the scheming and far-sighted madness, the butcheries of the Chatelet, and the accursed marriages of the Loire. The whole property of the nation changed hands. Its best and wisest citizens were banished or murdered. Dungeons were emptied by assassins as fast as they were filled by spies. Provinces were made desolate. Towns were unpeopled. Old things passed away. All things became new.

"The paroxysm terminated. A singular train of events restored the house of Bourbon to the French throne. The exiles have returned. But they have returned as the few survivors of the deluge returned to a world in which they could recognise nothing; in which the valleys had been raised, and the mountains depressed, and the courses of the rivers changed,—in which sand and seaweed had covered the cultivated fields and the walls of imperial cities. They have returned to seek in vain, amidst the mouldering relics of a former system, and the fermenting elements of a new creation, the traces of any remembered object. The old boundaries are obliterated. The old laws are forgotten. The old titles have become laughing-stocks. The gravity of the parliaments, and the pomp of the hierarchy; the doctors whose disputes agitated the Sorbonne, and the embroidered multitude whose footsteps wore out the marble pavements of

Versailles,—all have disappeared. The proud and voluptuous prelates who feasted on silver, and dozed amidst curtains of massy velvet, have been replaced by curates who undergo every drudgery and every humiliation for the wages of lackeys. To those gay and elegant nobles who studied military science as a fashionable accomplishment, and expected military rank as a part of their birthright, have succeeded men born in lofts and cellars; educated in the half-naked ranks of the revolutionary armies, and raised by ferocious valor and self-taught skill, to dignities with which the coarseness of their manners and language forms a grotesque contrast. The government may amuse itself by playing at despotism, by reviving the names and aping the style of the old court—as Helenus in Epirus consoled himself for the lost magnificence of Troy, by calling his brook Xanthus, and the entrance of his little capital the Scæan gate. But the law of entail is gone, and cannot be restored. The liberty of the press is established, and the feeble struggles of the minister cannot permanently put it down. The Bastille is fallen, and can never more rise from its ruins. A few words, a few ceremonies, a few rhetorical topics, make up all that remains of that system which was founded so deeply by the policy of the house of Valois, and adorned so splendidly by the pride of Louis the Great.

"Is this a romance? Or is it a faithful picture of what has lately been in a neighboring land—of what may shortly be within the borders of our own? Has the warning been given in vain? Have our Mannesers and Clintons so soon forgotten the fate of houses as wealthy and as noble as their own? Have they forgotten how the tender and delicate woman,—the woman who would not set her foot on the earth for tenderness and delicateness, the idol of gilded drawing-rooms, the pole-star of crowded theatres, the standard of beauty, the arbitress of fashion, the patroness of genius,—was compelled to exchange her luxurious and dignified ease for labour and dependence; the sighs of dukes and the flattery of bowing abbés for the insults of rude pupils and exacting mothers;—perhaps, even to draw an infamous and miserable subsistence from those charms which had been the glory of royal circles—to sell for a morsel of bread her reluctant caresses and her haggard smiles—to be turned over from a garret to a hospital, and from a hospital to a parish vault? Have they forgotten how the gallant and luxurious nobleman, sprung from illustrious ancestors, marked out from his cradle for the highest honors of the state and of the army, impatient of control, exquisitely sensible of the slightest affront, with all his high spirit, his polished manners, his voluptuous habits, was reduced to request, with tears in his eyes, credit for half-a-crown,—to pass day after day in hearing the auxiliary verbs misrecited, or the first page of *Télémaque* misconstrued, by petulant boys, who infested him with nicknames and caricatures, who mimicked his foreign accent, and laughed at his thread-bare coat. Have they forgotten all this? God grant that they may never remember it with unavailing self-accusation, when desolation shall have visited wealthier cities and fairer gardens;—when Manchester shall be as Lyons, and Stowe as Chantilly;—when he who now, in the pride of rank and opulence, sneers at what we have written in the bitter sincerity of our hearts, shall

be thankful for a porringer of broth at the door of some Spanish convent, or shall implore some Italian money-lender to advance another pistole on his George!"

THOMAS CARLYLE—HIS LITERARY CAREER.

This remarkable man was born, I believe, in the year 1795, near Ecclefechan, a hamlet of Dumfriesshire, which lies in the midst of a quiet pastoral and agricultural district. His father, I have heard, was a mason or small builder, who afterwards added to his first occupation the care of a slender farm. Unlike his immediate progenitors who are said to have been more noted for strength of head and hand than for rigidity of manners, Carlyle's father, according to the general testimony, was a man of great exactness of walk, of earnest and religious disposition, and full of native wisdom; in fact, one of those rustic heroes whom Carlyle delights to paint, when, as in the case of the fathers of Burns and Diderot, he meets with them in real life. The family was a pretty numerous one of sons and daughters, and reckons among its members the gentleman who a few years ago published an excellent translation of Dante's *Inferno*. The youthful Carlyle received the rudiments of education at a neighboring parish school, but not showing such progress in the acquisition of Latin as was to be expected from a boy of his talent, was committed to the charge of an old clergyman of the district, under whom he made rapid strides, and was pronounced at an early age fit for Edinburgh University. Thither, accordingly, he was sent, as I calculate, about the year 1813, with a couple or so of years allowed him to determine what profession would suit him best. The session of Edinburgh University occupies little more than a half of the year, and the remainder for some time was spent under his father's roof. After a year or two, it would seem that the Church of Scotland was fixed on as the arena in which Carlyle's talents were to be displayed, and the long and dreary probation of eight years which that Church demands was accordingly entered on. Carlyle's academic career was of a mixed character. According to his college contemporaries, he was distinguished by proficiency neither in classics, nor in science, nor in metaphysics; his favorite and successful study was geometry. His aptness for this gained him the liking and approbation of Prof. Leslie, who then filled the chair of mathematics at Edinburgh, and through him the young Carlyle became a teacher as well as a learner of the science; especially for several years at a school in Kirkcaldy, a town almost fronting Edinburgh on the opposite side of the Frith of Forth, and from which the young student of divinity could easily repair, at stated intervals, to college to read the necessary exercises; just as our non-resident students of law eat their terms at the Temple or Lincoln's Inn. Carlyle's residence at Kirkcaldy, with its occasional escapes to Dumfriesshire, was, as might be expected from his age, a most important period of his life. His attachment to, and prosecution of the study of geometry were confirmed by the nature of his daily avocations, and produced in his mind a certain stiffness, so to speak, of which there are traces in his earlier productions. At Kirkcaldy, too, he made or strengthened an acquaintance with Edward Irving, like himself an Annandale man, like himself a student of divinity, and once more, like himself, a teacher in a Kirkcaldy school. By residents in

stem of a three-decker. And, should I wed her (proh dolor: I am declared, by signs, infallible, as an old bachelor elect: cats, the coyest of the breed, leap on my knees; that saucy knave, called the old bachelor, falls eternally to my share, and no soft look of contradiction averts the omen; candles shrink self-extinguished when I would snuff them, and no sweet voice will chide my awkwardness); but, should I wed her, I must "stand the push of every beardless vain comparative." The young Etonian jackanapes would call us elegiacs (*carmen lugubre*), the cantab pedants would talk of their duplicate ratios; yea, unbreeched urchins, old ale-wives and cobblers—their stalls would cry out after us—"there goes eighteen-pence," and prudential punsters would wish the match might prove happy, but it was certainly very unequal.—*Hartley Coleridge.*

NAPOLEON IN BATTLE.—At the first rumor of the Emperor's return to Champagne, the Austrian army, as if seized with panic at a single name, had retreated by every road from the walls of Paris, as far as Troyes and Dijon. The Emperor of Austria, fearful of being surrounded, even in the midst of his troops, took refuge at Dijon. Alexander and the King of Prussia had got beyond Troyes. These sovereigns, magnifying the danger by the memory of so many former defeats, and fearful of a snare in the very heart of France, which had fallen with such apparent facility into their hands, agreed to send, to their respective plenipotentiaries, at the Congress of Chatillon, the most pressing instructions to effect a peace. Had the Emperor had timely notice of these terrors, he could have signed a peace on a European basis, at the moment that his own empire was fading beneath his feet; but he was ignorant of these terrors. Alarmed on his own part at the masses crowding down upon him, he retreated towards Arcis-sur-Aube, where he unexpectedly came in contact with the army of Schwartzburg. A sanguinary battle ensued, unexpectedly by both generals, between the French and Austrians. Napoleon fought at hazard, without any other plan than the necessity of fighting, and the resolution to conquer or die. He renewed in this action the miracles of bravery and *sang froid* of Lodi and Rivoli; and his youngest soldiers blushed at the idea of deserting a chief who hazarded his own life with such invincible courage. He was repeatedly seen spurring his horse to a gallop against the enemy's cannon, and re-appearing as if inaccessible to death, after the smoke had evaporated. A live shell having fallen in front of one of his young battalions, which recoiled and wavered in expectation of the explosion, Napoleon, to re-assure them, spurred his charger towards the instrument of destruction, made him smell the burning match, waited unshaken for the explosion, and was blown up. Rolling in the dust with his mutilated steed, and rising without a wound, amidst the plaudits of his soldiers, he calmly demanded another horse, and continued to brave the grape shot, and to fly into the thickest of the battle. His guard at length arrived, and restored the fortune of the day.—*Lamartine's History of the Restoration.*

NAPOLEON'S POLICY JUDGED.—He at length capitulated, or rather France capitulated without him, and he travelled alone, across the conquered country and his ravaged provinces, the route to his first exile, his only cortège the resentments and the murmurs of his country. What remains behind him of his long reign? for this is the criterion by which God and men judge the political genius of founders. All truth is fruitful, all falsehood barren. In policy, whatever does not create has no existence. Life is judged by whatever survives it. He left freedom chained, equality compromised by posthumous institutions, feudalism parodied, without power to exist, human conscience re-sold, philosophy proscribed, prejudices encouraged, the

human mind diminished, instruction materialized and concentrated in the pure sciences alone, schools converted into barracks, literature degraded by censorship or humbled by baseness, national representation perverted, election abolished, the arts enslaved, commerce destroyed, credit annihilated, navigation suppressed, international hatred revived, the people oppressed or enrolled in the army, paying in blood or taxes the ambition of an unequalled soldier, but covering with the great name of France the contradictions of the age, the miseries and degradations of the country. This the founder! This is the man!—a man instead of a revolution!—a man instead of an epoch! a man instead of a country! a man instead of a nation! Nothing after him! nothing around him but his shadow, making sterile the eighteenth century, absorbed and concentrated in himself alone. Personal glory will be always spoken of as characterizing the age of Napoleon; but it will never merit the praise bestowed upon that of Augustus, of Charlemagne, and Louis XIV. There is no age; there is only a name; and this name signifies nothing to humanity but himself.

False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, isolated—he was only true in war; for he shed torrents of human blood. But what can we then allow him? His individual genius was great; but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear, but it was the intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not; he loved not; he sympathized with none; he was a statue rather than a man. Therein lay his inferiority to Alexander and to Cæsar: he resembled more the Hannibal of the Aristocracy. Few men have thus been moulded, and moulded cold. All was solid, nothing gushed forth, in that mind nothing was moved. His metallic nature was felt even in his style. He was, perhaps, the greatest writer of human events since Machiavel. Much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns, his style is not the written expression alone; it is the action. Every sentence in his page is, so to speak, the counterpart and counter-expression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, nor a color wasted between the fact and the word, and the word is himself. His phrases concise, but struck off with ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment. It was not the signature; it was the hand itself of the hero thus fixed eternally before the eyes; and such were the pages of his campaigns dictated by Napoleon—the very soul of movement, of action, and of combat.

This fame, which constituted his morality, his conscience, and his principle, he merited, by his nature and his talents, from war and from glory; and he has covered with it the name of France. France, obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny and his crimes, should also accept his glory with a serious gratitude. She cannot separate her name from his, without lessening it; for it is equally incusted with his greatness as with his faults. She wished for renown, and he has given it to her; but what she principally owes to him is the celebrity she has gained in the world.—*Lamartine's History of the Restoration.*

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

E. H. BUTLER & Co., 23 Minor street, Philadelphia, will publish early in the Fall the following:—*The Female Prose Writers of America*, edited by John S. Hart, LL.D.; a large octavo of 420 pages, elegantly illustrated with portraits

of Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland, Miss McIntosh, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Neal, Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. Judson, and Margaret Fuller—the engravings, from original drawings, were engraved in London expressly for this work. This volume will be a companion to Read's *Female Poets of America*. A new edition of Read's *Female Poets of America* (the Fifth). Edith May's *Poetical Works* (now first collected, and many pieces never before printed)—an octavo volume elegantly printed, embellished with a portrait by Cheney, from an original drawing by Furness, and ten line engravings, executed in London from original designs by Devereux. Rogers's *Complete Works*, illustrated with line engravings; also a portrait of the Author in "stipple" by Anderton, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence—about 400 pages 8vo. Campbell's *Complete Poetical Works*, illustrated with line engravings and by a portrait of the Author in "stipple" by Anderton, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The *Proverbialist* and the *Poet: a collection of Proverbs*, illustrated by selections from the Poets, including Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian Proverbs with Translations; illustrated with Illuminations and Engravings, 1 vol. octavo. *Cabinet of Modern Art*, 1st series, second edition. *Cabinet of Modern Art*, second series, uniform with the first series, and the matter entirely new. A new edition of the Quarto Edition of Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, newly illustrated. A new edition of the 12mo. edition of Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, newly illustrated. A new edition of Mr. Tupper's *Poetical Works*, illustrated, 1 vol. 12mo. *Leaflets of Memory* for 1852, eighth year. *The Snow Flake* for 1852, fifth year. *Friendship's Offering* for 1852, thirteenth year. *Christmas Blossoms* and *New Year's Wreath* for 1852 (a Juvenile Gift), square 12mo., sixth year.

Messrs. H. LONG & BROTHER have published by arrangement with the author, Part 2 of *Lewis Arundel*; or, the *Railroad of Life*—an excellent novel now appearing in *Sharpe's Magazine*, published in London by Messrs. Virtue & Co. The success of this book has been such as to induce rival editions to be put forth—one as complete and perfect in the face of Messrs. Virtue & Co.'s advertised certificate that it is not yet completed in London and that Messrs. Long & Brother only receive it in advance by payment for authority to publish in this country.

The business of Mr. Henry Taylor, Baltimore, has been purchased by Mr. W. F. Burgess, of this city, who announces having associated with himself Mr. W. Taylor, and the intention to continue business as before under the firm of Burgess, Taylor & Co.

Messrs. E. S. JONES & Co., Philadelphia, have just issued the *Model Architect*, No. 2, small folio, with beautiful original designs; also a reprint with American additions of the Society for Diffusion of Knowledge, *Treatise on Manures*.

Mr. HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Philadelphia, has in preparation for the Fall:—"The Practical Cotton Spinner and Manufacturer; or, the Manager's and Overlooker's Companion," by Scott & Byrne—with working drawings of the principal American Cotton Machines, &c., 1 vol. 8vo. "The Practical Metal Worker's Assistant," by Holtzapffel, with additions by Oliver Byrne, of all that is useful and peculiar to the American Metal-Worker. "A complete Treatise on Tanning, Currying, and every branch of Leather-Dressing," by C. Morfit, one of the editors of the *Encyclopædia of Chemistry*, 1 vol. royal 8vo. illustrated. "Hand-Book for Locomotive Engineers and Machinists," by Septimus Norris—illustrated 12mo. "Byrne's Practical Model Calculator," to be issued in twelve parts at 25 cents each, already announced.

The Men of Manhattan; or, Social History of the City of New York, by J. Fenimore Cooper, 1 vol. 8vo., with illustrations, is in press for the coming season, by George P. Putnam.

The following statistics from late returns of the circulation of the chiefest daily papers published in this city, may not be uninteresting:

Names.	Character.	Circulation.
New York Herald.....	Independent	32,640
New York Tribune.....	Whig	19,480
New York Sun.....	Neutral	55,000
Courier and Enquirer.....	Whig	5,300
Journal of Commerce.....	Neutral	4,800
New York Express.....	Whig	10,700
Morning Star.....	Neutral	15,000
Commercial Advertiser.....	Whig	3,500
New York Evening Post.....	Free Soil	1,500
Evening Mirror.....	Whig	1,500
Merchants' Day Book.....	Do.	2,000
New York Globe (defunct).....	Democratic	591
New York Democrat.....	Do.	1,300
Deutsche Schnellpost.....	German	1,150

Total circulation of N. Y. City daily papers...154,361

Besides this immense daily circulation, 8 semi-weekly papers issue a total of near 20,000 copies, and 58 weekly a total of 372,204 copies.

The "American Messenger," published by the American Tract Society—in English, 190,000; in German, 21,000. Total, 211,000—the largest circulation of any paper in the world.

The whole of the New York city papers, exclusive of magazines and other periodicals, gives—

No. of Papers.	Total Circulation.	Annually
Daily.....14	154,361	47,622,510
Semi-Weekly.....7	19,940	2,073,760
Weekly.....58	425,304*	22,110,608
Sunday.....8	79,000	4,108,000
Semi-Monthly.....3	68,900	1,632,000
Monthly.....14	401,800	4,821,600

Total.....106 An. circulation.82,308,478

A new volume of Pickering's Small Books on Great Subjects is just published—On the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity. Part I.—From the Birth of Christ to the Death of Constantine.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLOV.—A sketch of the life and works of this great composer, by Jules Benedict, is just issued by John Murray.

Mr. John H. Griscom, most favorably known among us as a useful citizen and writer upon sanitary topics, has just returned in the Arctic from a short tour in Europe, undertaken for the benefit of his health, which we are happy to know is now quite restored.

SHAKESPEARE IN SWEDEN.—The writings of Shakespeare would appear, from the following fact, to be read with as much avidity and delight in Sweden as in his native country. A translation of his plays by Hagberg, Professor of Greek in the University of Lund, is now in the course of publication. Of this, 12 volumes have appeared; and, although the first edition consisted of no less than 2,000 copies, the whole have been sold off, and a second edition is in preparation. Professor Hagberg's translation is most favorably spoken of by those who are qualified to judge of its merits.—*Notes and Queries.*

The Rev. Dr. Olin, President of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., died at his residence at Middleburg on the 16th inst. He was not only distinguished as a learned divine, but as a traveller and author, and was much esteemed for his amiable and unaffected character.

THE HENRY CLAY MEDAL.—The prize of two hundred dollars, for a design for this medal, was awarded to Mr. William Walcutt, formerly of Cincinnati, but now a resident of this city. There were thirty-three competitors. Mr. Walcutt is well known as a most skilful illus-

trator of tales, and in his drawings is most felicitous in rendering the ideas of his author. The Henry Clay design is described as most appropriate, harmonious, and complete.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 26TH OF JULY TO THE 16TH OF AUGUST.

- Adams (John).—Life and Writings of. Vols. 3, 4, and 5. With a Life of the author, by Charles Francis Adams. 8vo., Little & Brown. (Boston.)
- Addison.—The Spectator; with Sketches of the Lives of the Authors, an Index, and Explanatory Notes. 4 vols. 12mo. (Philadelphia, Crissey & Markley, and Thomas Cowperthwait & Co.)
- Anthon (Charles).—A Manual of Roman Antiquities, with numerous illustrations. 12mo. (Harper & Bros., Cliff Street.)
- Available Church Music, &c. By Thomas Hastings & William B. Bradbury. Pp. 332 (Mark H. Newman & Co.)
- Alger (Rev. W. R.).—History of the Cross of Christ, 12mo. pp. 96. (Munroe & Co., Boston.)
- Blod (Benjamin).—The Philosophy of Justice between God and Man. 12mo. pp. 209. (J. S. Taylor, New York)
- Bowen, (Ell).—The United States Post-Office Guide. The best ever published. 8vo. pp. 352, Maps, &c. (D. Appleton & Co.)
- Braithwaite.—Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery. Part XXIII. 8vo. pp. 376. (Daniel Adee.)
- Bickersteth, Rev. E. D. Memoirs of the, by the Rev. T. R. Birks, with an introduction by Dr. Tyng. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 818. (Harpers.)
- British Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge.—A Practical Treatise on Manures. (E. S. Jones & Co. Philadelphia)
- Cleveland, (C. D.).—Hymns for Schools, with appropriate Selections from Scripture, and Tunes suited to the metres of the hymns. 3d edition. 18mo. pp. 270. (Philadelphia, E. C. & J. Biddle.)
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